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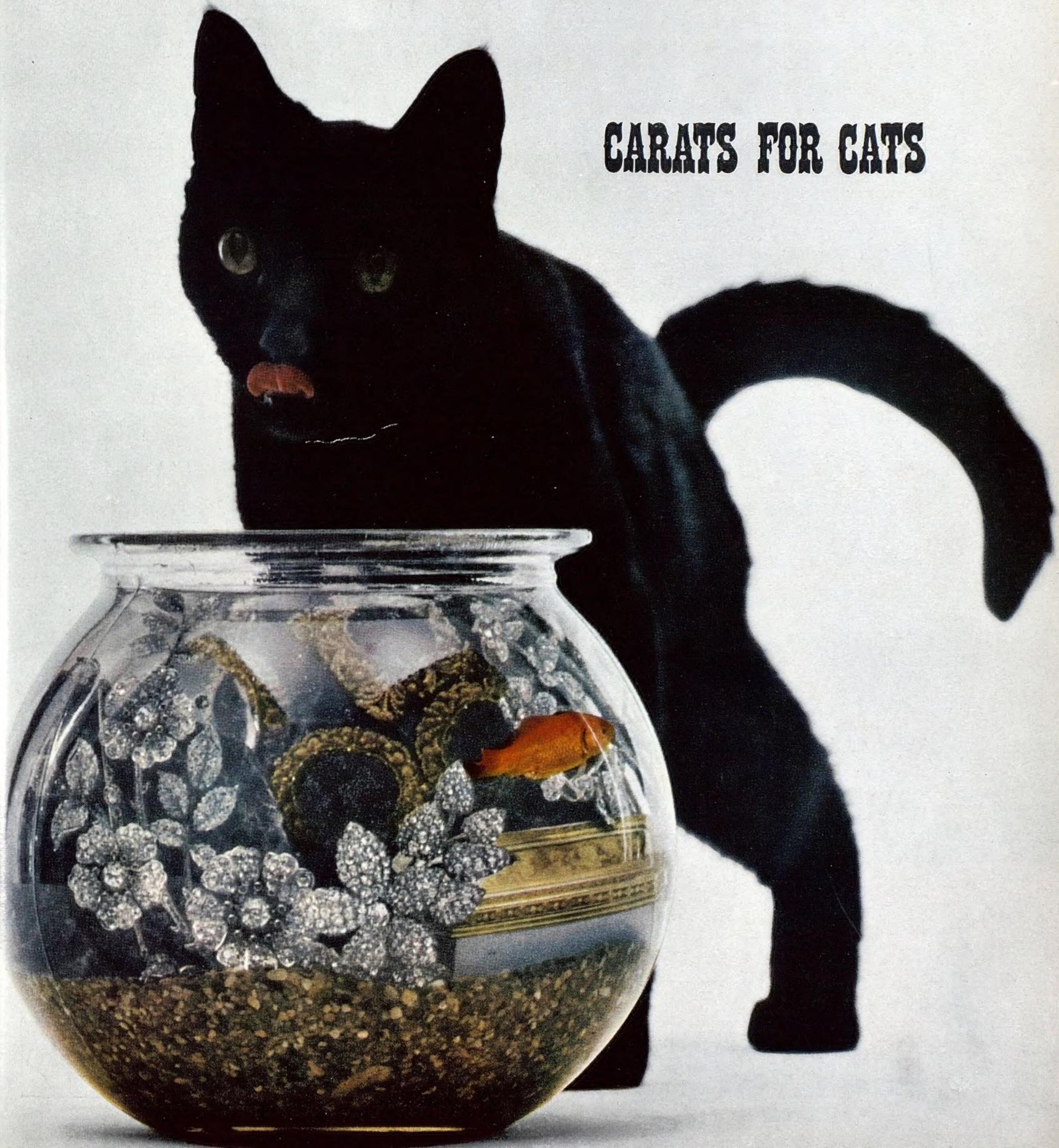
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13 Dec. 1961

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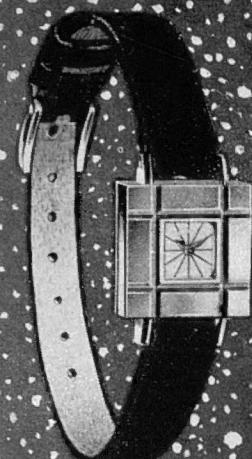
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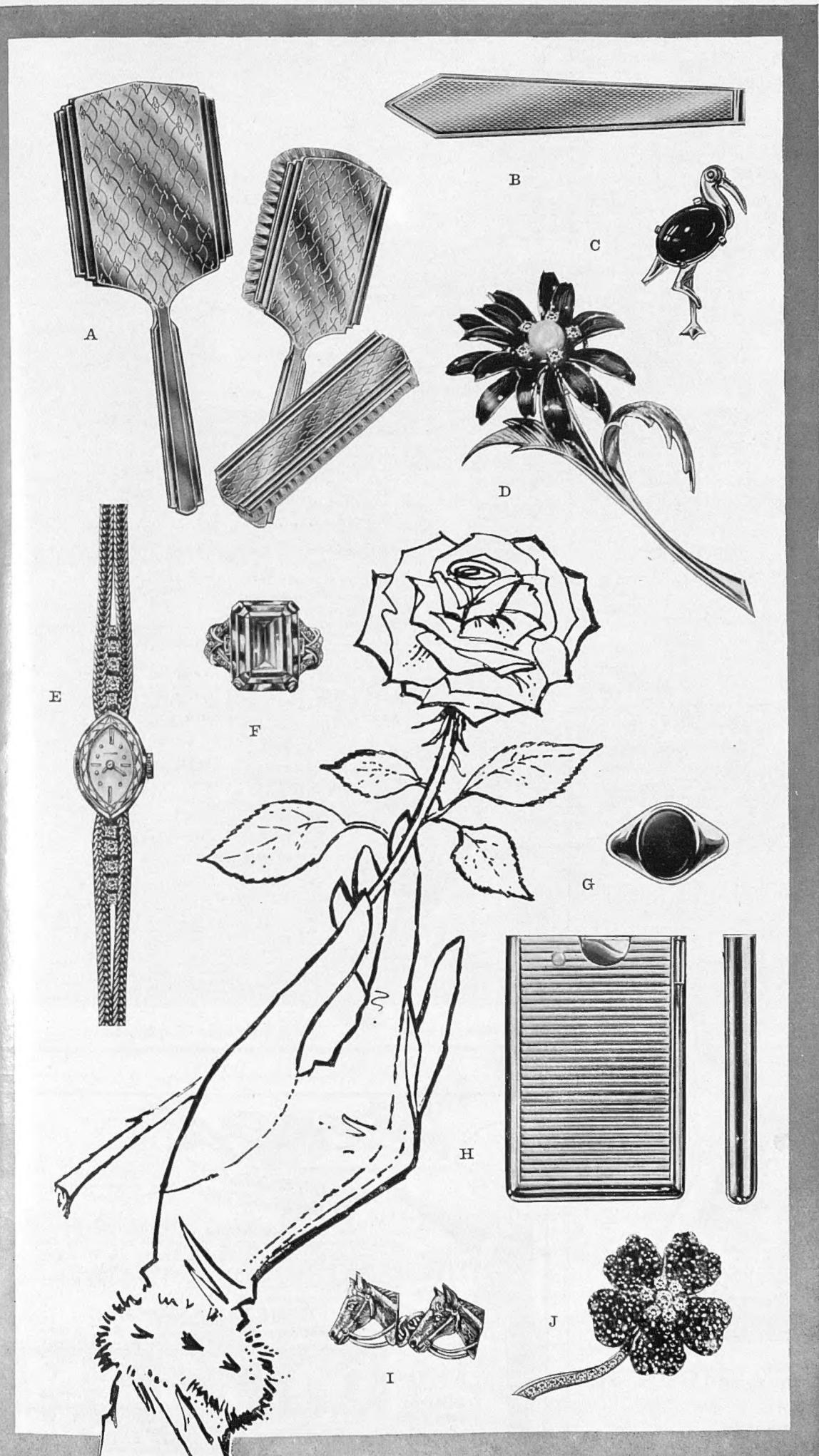
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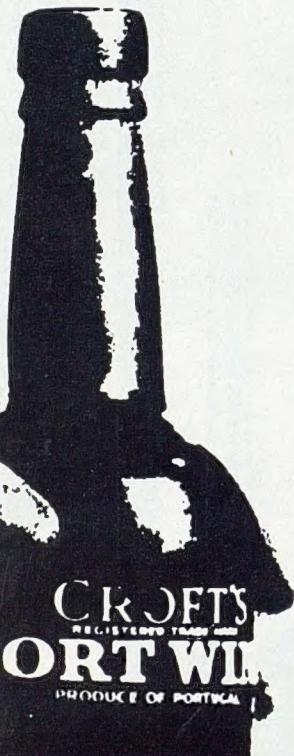
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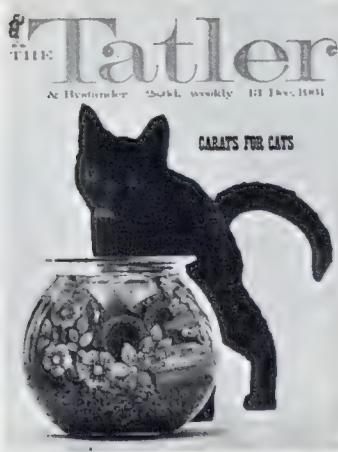
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

13 DECEMBER 1961

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Cats go with carats in a multi-page jewellery section that begins on page 773. The cover sets the theme with a fabulous collection that includes diamond sprays, a gold snuffbox and an antique gold necklace set with amethysts all arranged in a goldfish bowl for safety from predatory claws—no self-respecting cat likes to get wet feet. All the jewellery in the bowl comes from Wartski, Regent Street. Barry Warner took the picture

Postage: Inland, 4½d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number) £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s. or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

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UP TO NEW PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Prince Philip will attend the film première *Judgment At Nuremberg*, sponsored by the Variety Club of G.B., at Leicester Square Theatre, 18 December. (Tickets from 10s. 6d. to 10 gns.) W.H. 5252.

Mistletoe Ball, Chelsea Town Hall, 20 December, for Mental Health National Appeal. (Tickets, single £1 7s. 6d., double £2 10s. from the M.H.N.A. Office, 8 Wimpole St., W.1.)

Wine & Food Society dinner, the Savoy, 20 December. (Miss Heard, SLO 4591.)

Reluctant Bachelors' Ball, the Dorchester, 21 December, in aid of the Sunshine Home & Schools for Blind Children. Cabaret, tombola, bottle hoopla. (Tickets, £2 12s. 6d. each, inc. dinner, from Mr. David Brewer, 17 Greenaway Gardens, N.W.3.)

Royal Society of St. George's Christmas Banquet, Mansion House, 21 December. (Hon. Sec., Mr. Donald T. Gooding, Austral House, Basinghall Avenue, E.C.2.)

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Hurst Park, 15, 16; Warwick, Ayr, Southwell, 16; Ayr, Southwell, 18 December.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Sylphides, Persephone, Jabez & The Devil*, 7.30 p.m. tonight & 15 December; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 16 December; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 7.30 p.m., 18, 20 December. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *The Queen Of Spades*, 14, 19 December; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 16, 22 December. All 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Orchestra & Chorus, 8 p.m. tonight; Carols & instrumental music by the Tulse Hill School Musical Society, 3 p.m., 16 December; Johann Strauss programme by the Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 16 December; Carols for choir & audience, by the Goldsmiths Choral Union, 3 & 7.30 p.m., 17 December; *Messiah*, by the London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, 7.30 p.m., 18 December; Hallé Orchestra, 8 p.m., 19 December; London Mozart Players, 8 p.m., 20 December. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Die Fledermaus*, tonight; *The Marriage of Figaro*, 14, 16 December; *Rigoletto*, 15 December; All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Epstein Memorial Exhibition, Tate Gallery. To 17 December.

Derek Hill paintings, Whitechapel Art Gallery. To 31 December (See *Galleries*, page 789.)

Larionov & Goncharova, paintings & designs for the theatre, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 16 December.

Portrait of Southam Street, photographs by Roger Mayne, I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., W.1. To 16 December.

EXHIBITIONS

Children's Book Show, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. To 16 December.

Music From Germany Exhibition,



Children playing, from an exhibition of photographs taken over a period of five years in a North Kensington Street by photographer Roger Mayne and now showing at the Institute of Contemporary Arts gallery under the title *Portrait of Southam Street*. The photographs also appear in an ar book *Uppercase 5* recently published by the Whitefriars Press at 7s. 6d

National Book League, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. To 16 December. Finnish Arts & Crafts, Victoria & Albert Museum. To mid-January.

FESTIVAL

Christmas Festival, Southwold, Suffolk, to 24 December.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *Treasure Island*, tonight.

Aldwych Theatre. *The Cherry Orchard*, 14 December.

Savoy Theatre, Gilbert & Sullivan

season. *Patience*, 18 December. *Iolanthe*, 21 December.

Scala Theatre. *Peter Pan*, 1 December.

Olympia. Bertram Mills Circus, 19 December.

London Palladium. *Little Old Kit Cole*, 20 December.

Lyric, Hammersmith. *Alice Through The Looking Glass*, 21 December.

Arts Theatre. *Four To The Bar*, 14 December; *The Circus Adventure* (matinées), 21 December.

Empire Pool, Wembley. *The Wizard Of Oz*, on Ice, 23 December.

BRIGGS by Graham





Tom Blau

GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

*A year after leaving R.A.D.A., one-time Roedean girl Sarah Miles finds herself, at 18, about to play lead opposite Sir Laurence Olivier in his new film *Term Of Trial*, a story of teenage schooldays. She first appeared in the short-lived *Dazzling Prospect* at the Globe, and then did three months' repertory at the Connaught Theatre, Worthing. She lives in a small Holborn flat, and for recreation rides and drives. Her ambition is to own a Jaguar*



Iain Crawford

Attracting the spenders

THE MOST INTERESTING THING ABOUT THE NEW NIGHT CLUBS BEING opened in London through the dispensation granted by the revised licensing laws, is the emphasis placed on good food. At one time it was enough to have dim lighting shrouding a garish décor, a quarter-tennis-court of a dance floor and a band that played loudly enough to conceal the noise you were making getting through your steak. Now food is here to stay and people are actually going to night spots to eat dinner as well as breakfast. Drink, dancing and being wiggled at is no longer enough. This has been recognized by Gilbert France of Chez Victor who has just opened a new late night spot—not a club, you don't have to be a member—called **Le Bon Soir** in Gerrard Street. He has re-imported André Chavagnon, who used to work at La Réserve before he returned to his native France, to do the cooking. You can have dinner until 3 a.m. cooked by a chef who speaks proudly of his specialities like *Coq au vin Lyonnaise* (finished with cream and cognac), *matelot d'anguille* and *mousse de brochet*. The wine list is the same as Chez Victor. There is more room for dancing than in many night spots and the music is in the capable and lively hands of Azis Lawrence and his Trio. Later there will be a cabaret.

At the **Latin Quarter** in Wardour Street the Tolainis continue to serve good food with the lavish floor-show spectacles for which they are justly famous. There is an inclusive dinner, dancing and cabaret, price 45s. This gives you a three-course dinner with a wide choice on each course. The current show devised and produced by Al Heath stars Ken Jonnart in a collection of singing numbers backed by lots of pretty and shapely girls wearing an incredible amount of feathers and finery which minimally obstruct the view. Monsieur Choppy provides the comedy with his amusing and daring act of drawing on showgirls' bodies. Pat and Neil Delrina are the speciality dancers. The show,

which goes on twice nightly at 9.15 and 12.30, runs for an hour-and-a-half. Dancing is to Ronnie Pleydell and his orchestra—a good band providing sound, rhythmic music for those who want to light-foot it on the pink-lit glass floor, but not so loud that conversation is impossible.

Peter Tolaini was telling me that West End night spot proprietors are not too happy about the new licensing laws. Though they are delighted to have the extension of hours, many of them feel it may have come just at the wrong time. Last year, with the affluent society going flat out, was a peak year for London's night life, but the Chancellor's credit squeeze policy has significantly reduced the number of customers with large expense accounts who are prepared to give big parties in late night theatre-restaurants. With new places opening every week—I hear Paul Raymond is to have a new restaurant in January, the **Bal Tabarin** in Hanover Square presenting international star cabaret—the competition is growing fiercer and if there is less good-time spending money around, customers may be thin on the ground. This means, of course, that late night places have to think seriously about what they offer. Better food and wines and shows which offer something more than a talent for self-exposure are likely to be some of the answers. And a new hard look at the prices. None of this, as a customer, makes me too unhappy.

Cabaret Calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423): Extravaganza, fast, spectacular floor show with *George & Bert Bernard*, the *Albert Triana Spanish Ballet* and the largest collection of showgirls in town

Talk of the Town: (REG 5051) *Julie Wilson* in the solo spot. The *Ten O'Clock Follies* floor show as usual

Society (REG 0565) *Lynette Rae*

Savoy (TEM 4343) *Angela & Fred Roby*, ventriloquism, plus the

Clarke brothers and the

Savoy dancers

Celebrity (HYD 7636) The Max Wall Show with *Mack & Kirk*, *Kenny Day*; also *Maria Carmen & Ronne Aul* and showgirls



Sandu Scott is in cabaret at the Colony Restaurant



John Baker White

Piccadilly oyster-bed

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Bentley's, 11/15 Swallow Street. C.S. (REG 6210.) The brothers Bentley, West Mersea oysters, and other fine fish have formed a trinity for quite a long time. It is not surprising, therefore, that this pleasant room with its warm, comfortable atmosphere is devoted entirely to fish cooking of a high order, matched to carefully chosen and reasonably priced wines. But meat-eaters are not forgotten, for just down the road in Piccadilly Place, on the site of that famous resort of C.I.D. officers and crime reporters, El Vino's, is the **Vine Bar & Grill**. (REG 5789.) Here high quality steaks, chops, and sound clarets are the order of the day. Bentley's is British and a reminder of how good our native products are. W.B.

On the fringe

People living outside London, in this season of fogs and traffic congestion, are looking for places to eat round the edges of the metropolis. So let me start with Ilford and two restaurants on the top of Harrison-Gibson's new store—the **Room At The Top** and the **Chariot Wheel**. Incidentally, at night they have a vista that we would rave about if it were Paris, Rome or New York. The sumptuous **Room At The Top** restaurant, with all that some of the most expensive West End restaurants have got, will cost you at night 49s. 6d. for a 3-course

dinner, dancing and high quality cabaret. I saw the Peters Sisters there, with Matt Monro coming up next and Joan Regan for the pre-Christmas period, followed by Roy Castle with Diane Todd. This restaurant serves a 3-course luncheon for 10s. 6d., and is building up a clientele of business executives in what was formerly a gastronomic desert. The larger and pleasant Italian-style **Chariot Wheel** has a 3-course luncheon for 6s. and wide *à la carte* choice, also available at night. Both restaurants are licensed and you can now drink until midnight in the **Room At The Top**. W.B. there for lunch or dinner; C.S. (Ilford 5588.)

Devon & Sussex make the pace

Praise to the **Imperial Hotel**, Torquay, for a new venture. It is organizing a series of gastronomic weekends, including a gala dinner on the Saturday, at which the *patron* and chef of famous Continental establishments will have charge of the kitchens and restaurants. The first was from November 24-27, when M. Louis Virot, *patron* of the **Bardet et Regina** at Le Mont Dore, and his chef, M. Paul Weis, took over and served Auvergnat dishes. Further delights are planned for the weekends starting 26 January, 23 February and 23 March. Mr. Gabor Denes (FLA 8682), can supply further information.

Edlins' second Culinary Week in their **Abinger House** restaurant on Brighton's front was, like the first, a great success. The Swiss chefs produced a succession of fine dishes and enhanced still further the reputation of this elegant Regency house. Edlins have their own branded warehouse from which flow wines of high quality, such as a 1942 château-bottled Château Cheval Blanc, which in the Week was matched to such dishes as *Arrostino Annegato* and poached Sussex chicken. This restaurant is not expensive—you can eat well for less than £1—but even in wintertime you should book. (Brighton 28574.)



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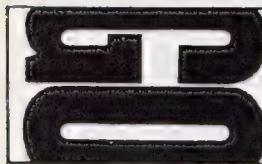
If you have any difficulty finding the Lektronic in your district, write to Remington Electric Shaver Limited, 26-40 Kensington High St., London W.8.

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AFTER THE BROODY, MYSTERIOUS BEAUTIES OF GRENADA AND ST. LUCIA, Barbados has a kind of sunny innocence, agrarian and placid; wholesome as apple pie and perhaps even a trifle prosaic. It is a gentle island, quietly rolling with green and silver sugar cane. White roads carve little gulleys between the fields, and one of these, named Fetter Lane, seemed a far cry from its namesake. In the remotest villages the schoolchildren are all neatly uniformed, even hatted. Barbados lives up to its cliché of "Little England"—the best and the worst of it. The approach to Bridgetown and its romantic, dignified harbour, is slung with a prosperous straggle of self-assertive little villas and small residential hotels, appropriately named Worthing and Hastings. Yet if the island lacks some of the interestingly mixed flavour of some of its neighbours—it is the only one to have been occupied solely by the British—it compensates with a quite extraordinary degree of welcoming friendliness, from the village bystanders who still wave cheerfully at every passing car to people who look after you in shops and hotels.

It also possesses a high degree of comfort and civilization. Beyond the suburban straggles of the capital stretches the coral beach of St. James, known variously as Platinum Coast and Millionaire's Row. The hotels on it charge from \$40 U.S. upwards per day, for two. The sensation of sitting again under a hair-dryer, of picking up an ivory telephone in my cottage at the Coral Reef Club and actually having somebody answer it, was one that re-spelled the word luxury for me. So was a hot bath (not to be taken for granted in these parts), followed by an excellent dinner next door at Sandy Lane, the island's newest and most luxurious hotel. But its particular brand of luxury—a combination of local white coral stone, with furniture hand picked and imported from Portugal—is, happily, the brain child of Ronald Tree. As anyone who has visited his house at Heron Bay would guess, the total result is an artist's essay in décor.

Night life in Barbados revolves around the hotels, in which there is a dance of some kind every evening, and it is as well that most of them have their own hairdresser and boutique because the standard is such that there is something to dress up for. All of the St. James's hotels—Sandy Lane, Coral Reef, Colony Club, Miramar and Eastray House—charge top rates. But they are obliging about it. Dinners are mostly interchangeable, and service is universally good: at Eastray House, where they cater to a slightly elderly clientele that loves its comfort more than most, free valeting, including packing and unpacking, is part of the service, and people also go there for its Viennese food. At Coral Reef, they can't do enough to please you. A sailing boat complete with skipper is available to anyone who cares to use it and they provide free transport into Bridgetown, twice a morning, for shopping.

Not that Barbados is all millionaire's row and milky beaches. At the other end of the island the Atlantic hurls itself unchecked against the beautiful and rocky reaches of Bathsheba Bay. Sam Lord's Castle, nearby, assuages a desire to go back 100 years in time and live like a rich planter. Sam Lord himself was something of a pirate and used to lure ships to their doom on the rocky point by slinging harbour lanterns on the casuarina trees above. Now tactfully modernized, his mansion still retains some magnificent mahogany four-poster beds and some rather glorious 18th-century furniture. A swimming pool has been added to compensate a beach somewhat at the mercy of wind and tide, and the hotel, with similar rates, joins those of the St. James's beach in a reciprocal arrangement for meals.

Two other smaller, non-luxury hotels I liked: Bagshot House, at Worthing, where many writers, including Nicholas Monsarrat, have sat out the winter to complete a book; and the St. Lawrence, nearby, which

is unpretentiously comfortable and has specially good food. People go there on Thursdays to eat fish and chips wrapped in the *News of the World*, and dance to the Fish & Chips steel band. Rates at either are \$24 U.S. a day for two people, with all food.

I may have given a misleadingly refined picture of Barbados. Nevertheless, it boasts a night club which is the talk of the entire Caribbean. Harry's Niterie is typified by a notice that reads: "Loud talking, shooting and misbehaviour STRICTLY FORBIDDEN." To ask about it in respectable Barbadian society is to evoke a peal of coy giggles. Few of its distaff members have ever penetrated the burnt-orange wooden shack, where girls clad only in the briefest of grass skirts and sometimes less perambulate the room, emptying ash trays and serving drinks. There are many other little bars and restaurants in Bridgetown. The Bread Fruit, Fiesta, Beau Brummell, the Flying Fish and the Bird in Bottle; and the Calypso Tavern, for dancing.

How to get there: by B.O.A.C., £232 15s. return to Barbados, direct or via New York; island-hop from Bermuda with British West Indian Airways, same rate, stopping off as you wish; by jet from London, from £261, for a 23-day holiday including 12 days in either St. Lucia or Grenada, rest of the time in Barbados with hotel and all meals. This one can only be booked through a travel agent.



The Coral Reef Club, St. James's, Barbados



Bathsheba Bay's rocky and beautiful coast

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ENTENTE CORDIALE



The Anglo-Swedish Society

dinner and dance at the Hyde Park Hotel headed a long list of diplomatic get-togethers at which, among others, the Germans, the Brazilians, the Dutch and the Portuguese met their English opposite numbers. Guests of honour at the Hyde Park were King Gustaf of Sweden (above) and Queen Louise with his grand-daughter Princess Margaretha (right) who has been staying at the Chelsea home of an old friend, Mrs. William Maitland, during her parents' Christmas shopping visit to London. Fashion note for the Princess was the circle of precious stones she wore in her hair in a style that Princess Alexandra often chooses. Muriel Bowen describes the evening overleaf, with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill. More pictures of the week's parties on pages 758-761



ENTENTE CORDIALE at the dinner and dance of the

Anglo-Swedish Society

MURIEL BOWEN reports

THIS WAS A WEEK WHEN THE ENGLISH GOT together with their Commonwealth connections and foreign friends. Conviviality thrived and happily overflowed. There were Anglo-Swedish, Anglo-Portuguese, Anglo-Brazilian, Anglo-Netherlands and Anglo-many-many more banquets. The quest for a guest of distinction from the country honoured is at a premium at this time of year. The Swedes outshone everybody. Their dinner and dance at the Hyde Park Hotel was attended by **King Gustaf & Queen Louise** and his attractive and gay granddaughter, **Princess Margaretha**. King Gustaf isn't much given to celebrations. Virtually every year he is in London on his birthday and while Swedish nationals drink his health at an Embassy party he remains at Claridge's, sitting in one of those big, comfortable armchairs to which he is so addicted, reading the evening newspapers. His presence at the Anglo-Swedish dinner and dance was therefore a great and unexpected coup for the organizers. Queen Louise wore a splendid tiara, in the form of a fringe of diamonds, and Princess Margaretha had a circle of precious stones in her hair of the type that Princess Alexandra so often wears. While her parents were staying at Claridge's she moved into the Chelsea home of an old friend, Mrs. Maitland, the former Carina Boyle who was a débutante in Coronation Year. Present at the dinner and dance were many staunch friends of Sweden such as **Sir Harold & Lady Zia Wernher**, **Sir Victor Mallet**, a former Ambassador, & **Lady Mallet**, and **Lord & Lady Sempill**. Also there were Mr. Gunnar Häggöf, the Swedish Ambassador and doyen of the Corps, Mr. & Mrs. **A. C. Featherstone**, Mr. & Mrs. **E. N. Chippendale**, Mr. & Mrs. **P. Moorehouse**, and the **Earl & Countess of Dundee**. A couple of days after the dinner—with friends visited, and Christmas shopping complete for another year—King Gustav & Queen Louise returned to Stockholm on the ordinary afternoon B.E.A. service.

SUCCESSOR TO JOHNNY

The Anglo-Germans dining and dancing at Grosvenor House (see pictures on page 758) were celebrating the arrival of the new German Ambassador, **Herr Hasso von Etzdorf**, and his wife. The Ambassador, a friend of Dr. Adenauer's, is enjoying his new post. Only in one respect is he a bit apprehensive. In a quiet chat after the speechmaking had died down he told me that people must not expect him to be "as good a shot as Johnny." His predecessor, **Herr Hans von Herwarth**—"Johnny" to Cabinet Ministers and on the social circuit—often took on Foreign Office officials on the

moors and the croquet lawn, and sometimes beat them too. The new Ambassador, big and burly, looks like making a reputation of his own, in due time. He told me: "I have shot white duck and things in Germany, but we do not have your splendid grouse so I am ignorant of them." He added, and this will surely endear him to the English: "I intend to take lessons and join a syndicate. Then maybe, one day, I can qualify for an invitation to shoot with Lord Home." The **Earl & Countess of Home** were there earlier but left before the dancing. She told me that though she likes the Foreign Secretary's flat in the Foreign Office into which they moved in the last few months she misses "the cosiness of our old dungeon!" This was the basement flat they had for many years in Sloane Street. It was pointed out during the speeches that both Lord Home and the **Earl of Longford**, the chairman of the dinner, had married headmasters' daughters. To this Lord Home retorted rather disarmingly to his political opponent: "You never had any need to, I remember you as a very clever boy at school. . . ."

The Anglo-German has had far greater growth in recent years than any of its contemporaries. From a rather struggling start 10 years ago it is now an immensely vital body of people. Its greatest strength lies probably in its mixture of youth on the one hand and people of distinction in business and politics on the other. Those enjoying the evening included Mr. **Paul Chambers**, the I.C.I. chairman, & Mrs. **Chambers**, **Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia**, **Miss Mary Jane Cavendish-Bentinck**, and **Lord Robertson of Oakridge**, the man who formerly ran the railways, who told me that he had just come back from a few days' visit to Gen. Lucius Clay in Berlin. Others there were: Mr. **Julian Piggott** who has done most to build up the society from the beginning, & Mrs. **Piggott**, **Viscount & Viscountess Goschen**, Gen. Sir **Richard & Lady Gale**, and Mr. **Paul Channon, M.P.**

THANKSGIVING SING-SONG

When the American Society in London had its annual Thanksgiving Day dinner at the Dorchester affections were reaffirmed and jokes were enthusiastically applauded. The palms, the bunting, the flowers, the flags, they were all there, plus a variety of guests—British and American—drawn from civilian and Service life, politics and diplomacy. It was all to celebrate that feast that the Pilgrim Fathers had 338 years ago when they gave thanks for their preservation from hostile Indians. Somehow I think we fared better than they did. There was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 760



Mrs. John Hamer



Lady (Victor) Mallet and Mrs. G. Kroon and (below) The Earl & Countess of Dundee





*Queen Louise of Sweden.
She took advantage of
her London visit to buy
Christmas presents*

Major-General Sir Harold Wernher



Mr. U. Enegren



Below: The Swedish Ambassador, Mr. G. Hägglöf, with one of the Vikings who stood at the top table at dinner



ENTENTE CORDIALE

at the annual dinner of the

Anglo-German Society held at Grosvenor House



The Earl of Home, the Foreign Secretary, and the new German Ambassador, H.E. Herr von Elzdorf



Lady Judith Pakenham, Sir Frederick Hoyer Millar, Permanent Head of the Foreign Office, and Lord & Lady Robertson of Oakridge

Photographs: A. V. Swaebe



The Earl of Longford and Frau von Etzdorf, wife of the German Ambassador



General Sir Richard Gale



Mr. P. Channon, M.P., and Mrs. P. Gwynne



Mr. Paul Chambers, chairman of I.C.I., and Mrs. Lilo Milchsack



Mrs. V. Cavendish-Bentinck and Mrs. Anthony Dix

ENTENTE CORDIALE

at the annual ball of the

Anglo-Brazilian Society

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts, followed by pumpkin pie. The Americans are extraordinarily thorough. They had the Dorchester chef make a sample pumpkin pie beforehand and this was passed round and eaten at a committee meeting. Afterwards the command went to the kitchen: "On the night put in a little more spice." Joining in the fun were Mr. James E. Currie, the chairman, & Mrs. Currie, Professor & Mrs. A. L. Goodhart, Mr. & Mrs. Frederick Tupper, Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Lady Aberconway, Mr. & Mrs. Wilson Beale, and Sir Harry & Lady Brittain. The National Anthems were sung by the guests; the Americans singing *Star Spangled Banner*, the British *God Save The Queen*. But only one person present, octogenarian Sir Harry Brittain, was word-perfect enough to sing both. Singing such things as *Sidewalks of New York* with the pumpkin pie was certainly a jolly idea. It was also useful. As Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, pointed out in a very witty speech, it was possible by studying the faces during the singing to discover which were the British and which the American guests. Mr. David Bruce, the new American Ambassador, & Mrs. Bruce were enjoying their first Thanksgiving Day dinner in England.

CANADIANS CUT THE CACKLE

As all this international fellowship spreads across a thousand festive dinner tables the Canadians remain unique in having no speeches. None of those windy perorations saying what we mean to each other. So at the Canadian Women's Club Maple Leaf dinner and ball at the Dorchester there was none of that dreadful feeling for which doctors have yet to produce a cure, the awful feeling of "waiting to get the speeches over." Perhaps the women are responsible, for this is a ball where they have all the say. It was Mrs. George Drew who brought her husband, the Canadian High Commissioner; it was she who proposed the toast to The Queen. Dr. J. H. Dunn admitted, too, that it was his wife, the club chairman, who provided the initiative for his presence. "I don't mind her bringing me here," he told me. "It is when she takes my Mini in the morning to go shopping that I get cross." The doctor has found that his Mini car saves him an hour's travelling in London in the course of a morning. The family Rolls-Royce, because of parking and traffic problems, now remains confined to the garage apart from week-end outings. With no speeches there was plenty of time to do things like spending money at the tombola. Indeed, manning a ticket-selling booth had all the dangers, and more, that the Canadians seem to associate with a deal with the Common Marketeers.

The Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Jose Cochrane de Alencar, dancing with Lady Mabel Cheetham. Below: The Hon. Mrs. Henry Hankey and Senhor A. B. L. Castello-Branco, the Brazilian Minister-Counsellor



Right: Lady (Donald) Gainer, wife of the chairman of the Anglo-Brazilian Society, and Mr. W. T. Caulfeild



Photographs: Desmond O'Neill

Senhora A. B. L. Castello-Branco



Miss Moira Sheehan and Captain Leonard Plugge

and for Canadians at the

Maple Leaf Ball

Photographs: Van Hallan



Mrs. George A. Drew, left, and Mrs. J. H. Dunn received guests at the Canadian Women's Club ball



Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Nicholson with the Hon. George A. Drew, Canadian High Commissioner



Ball chairman Mrs. Ernest Benson with Mr. & Mrs. George S. Petty. Below: Lady Baxter, wife of Sir Beverley Baxter, and Mrs. Helen Longworth





ON TRIAL AT INCHTURE



Photographs: Van Halian

No. 10 on the card was Major Hobley Eaves's Saighton's Sambo, sent in to retrieve



Mrs. E. K. Thomson with her own dog Rivington Raeboy, and Mr. D. M. Douglas with two of his entries, Bekesbourne Saddle (winner of the Novice Stake) and Denhead Scamper

The 39th Spaniel Trials of the Scottish Field Trials Association was held at Lord Kinnaird's Rossie Priory, Inchture, Perth



Mrs. Hugh Ford holds Gwibernant Gadwaldre



Mr. R. D. Methven, with Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave



Mr. Duncan McLaren carries the flag of the association



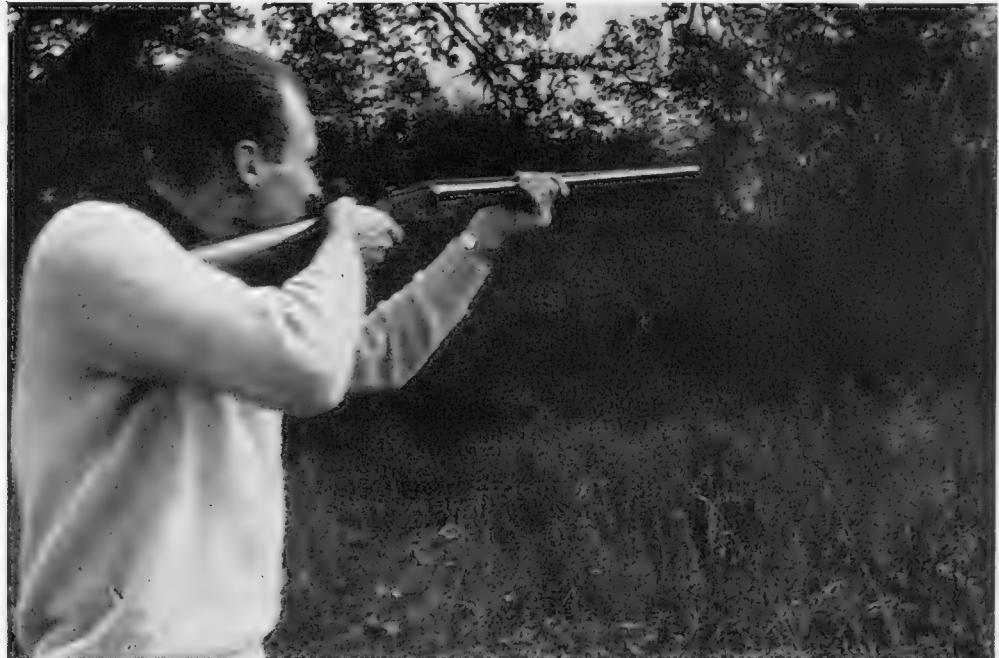
Lt.-Col. & Mrs. R. Lawder. He is the hon. secretary of the association

PASSPORTS FOR PARTRIDGES

on a royal shoot in Alsace

Taking a breather, Nicola Graziani and Princess Maria-Gabriella

France's champion shot, Comte Jean de Beaumont, had a day out with the biggest shooting party of the year on his estate at Diebolschein in Alsace. Most of his 14 guests were exiled royalty and included Prince Victor-Emanuel of Italy who arrived from Brussels in a dark blue Ferrari, his sisters, Princess Maria-Gabriella—she drove from Geneva in a silver Ferrari—and Maria-Pia who came from Paris with her husband Prince Alexandre of Yugoslavia. There were 40 beaters and the Comte shot over an area of a million square yards, pursuing game into West Germany where passports had to be produced. The day's bag totalled 550 hare, duck, pheasant and partridge. Prince Victor-Emanuel also shot a hawk and an owl.



Taking aim, Prince Alexandre of Yugoslavia. Below: Taking count, the Comte de Beaumont (centre) with his 14 guests and the day's bag





Taking time out, from left, Beatrice Ressorche, Princess Maria-Pia, Prince Victor-Emanuel and his sister Princess Maria-Gabriella. Below, taking cover, Princess Maria-Gabriella in a tin hat and Prince Victor-Emanuel



Lord Kilbracken

I HAVE SUDDENLY BECOME, AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, THE only exporter of butter to Britain from the Republic of Ireland. My princely output is just 12 pounds a week. I feel this is a remarkable state of affairs, in view of the fact that till quite recently some 8,000 tons were exported annually. I'll try to explain. Some weeks ago, it became clear to the reasonably prescient that the government in

My corner of the butter market

this country were on the point of taking action to restrict butter imports from the Republic, and this they have now done by imposing a punitive duty. The result may not be a matter of particularly great moment to *you*, but the prospect of it certainly was to *me*. Like tens of thousands of other Irish dairy farmers, the local creamery has been an important market for my milk—the production of cream cheese at Killegar only used about half of it—and for many farmers it was the *only* market. Butter is virtually the only creamery product, and the disappearance of Britain as a customer might result in a fall in price of sixpence a gallon or more from the exalted figure of 2s. 2d., which would rather more than remove the profit margin (if any). It's relevant to mention, with envy in my eyes, that the average received by British farmers last month was 3s. 1d. a gallon—some 40 per cent higher.

Well, I made up my mind not to take this lying down. I decided it must be possible to discover some personal escape from the disastrous consequences of the British proposals. And I hit upon a solution that may seem contradictory, but which I hoped would be effective all the same. I would start making butter myself.

Here I must explain why the duty has been imposed. It was alleged that many (if not all) exporting countries had been dumping butter in England. Now "dumping" is not an easy word to define exactly, but it is taken as meaning, more or less, that a commodity is being offered for sale at less than it costs to produce. Under this definition, Ireland must be held guilty along with the others; but so, let it be added, was England, who may justly be said to have been dumping butter on herself. This must be admitted in the light of the accepted fact that it takes the cream from about 2½ gallons of milk, worth 7s. 9½d. to British farmers, to make one pound of butter—and to this must be added the cost of manufacture and distribution, and the retailer's profit. Even after deducting the value of the skim, one would be left with a price of certainly not less than 8s. 6d. a pound if British butter received no financial support;

it is actually retailing at well under half that figure.

All the exporting countries, anyway, were asked to limit their exports to certain arbitrary—or apparently arbitrary—figures. Compared with the corresponding six-month period a year earlier, the quota for Australia would be 5 per cent higher, for New Zealand 2½ per cent lower, for Denmark some 10 per cent higher, for the Netherlands about the same. But the Irish quota would be considerably less than half: 4,000 metric tons compared with 10,200. To this—justifiably, in my opinion—she refused to agree; whereupon the Board of Trade reacted by slapping on a duty which is effectively preventing her from sending butter to Britain at all. Except, that is to say, for mine.

I discovered that butter, *if it's made on the farm*, commands a price far in excess of the factory product. Seven bob a pound is commonplace; and one particular brand, made from Jersey milk, is retailing at no less than the phenomenal price of *ten* shillings. All I had to do—or so it seemed to me—was to start making butter at Killegar from my own milk, and find a market for it in Britain at more than the cost of production, under which circumstances no duty is payable. Both these things, not without various complications and adventures, I have now done.

First I found a shop (in Baker Street—full particulars on request) which agreed to buy my butter at 6s. a pound delivered, to retail at 7s. 6d., so long as it turned out to be the best butter (like the Mad Hatter's). This, I correctly estimated, would be sixpence above "cost," if I bought the milk from myself at the creamery price, and took into account—for which advanced arithmetic was necessary—the expenses of manufacture and delivery. Then I gave instructions for a sample consignment of 12 pounds to be made. This was to be accomplished in the most old-fashioned way, which has the great advantage, apart from the fact that the end product is admirable, of costing virtually nothing in capital equipment.

All that is required is (a) a broom handle; and (b) a circular piece of wood, its diameter slightly smaller than that of a creamery can, with half a dozen one-inch holes regularly spaced around its centre. This is firmly fastened to one end of the broom handle; the resultant strange implement (Johnnie manufactured it in half-an-hour from local resources), is known locally as a "dash." The milk is allowed to sour in the can, and the "dash" is then moved as rapidly up and down in it, for 15 or 20 minutes, as two strong men are able. And then—lo and behold!—there is your admirable butter, floating happily on the surface. It took just 31 gallons to make the 12 pounds.

My retailer found it eminently vendible, and has now placed a regular order. Though much butter is made in this way in Ireland for home consumption, I am reasonably certain that only mine is exported; and the new duty will certainly have the most unfortunate effect of pricing Irish creamery butter right off the market. Which is how, strange as it seems, I appear to have achieved the unique position as exporter in which I stand today.



Most people tend to associate Nature Cure Clinics with loss of weight and gain of bounce. And there's no doubt that if you have to go on a diet, a fortnight at a Health Farm is relatively painless. Someone else's willpower is going to be a lot more useful, at mealtimes, than your own. But these clinics do, in fact, deal with a variety of disorders ranging from arthritis to depression. To find out exactly what *is* involved in Nature Cure, Mary Macpherson and J. Roger Baker visited four leading clinics. For the questions asked and answers given, see overleaf



CHAMPNEYS
Hertfordshire

Run by Mr. Tom W. Moule, N.D., M.B.N.A., and his wife
Capacity: 100 patients.
Charges: 18 to 38 gns. weekly.

EDSTONE
Warwickshire

Run by Mr. W. A. Willox, Treatment chief, Mr. M. C. Buchanan.
Capacity: 34 patients.
Charges: from 8 to 16 gns. a week, treatment 5 gns. a week.

ENTON HALL
Surrey

Principal, Mr. R. Atkinson Reddell, D.O., M.R.O. Manager, Mr. N. E. Jervis, M.H.C.I., A.R.H.S.
Capacity: 75 patients.
Charges: 18½ to 35 gns. weekly.

MICHAELCHURCH
COURT
Herefordshire

Run by Mr. A. Charles & his wife.
Capacity: 14 patients.
Charges: 14 gns. a week
single room.



Champneys Nature Cure Resort, Herts. Heat treatment (top picture), and smoking too (above) in a special room—though it's discouraged, and (below) massage and electrical treatment



What are most of your patients here for?

MR. MOULE: (*Champneys*). The people who come here are—or should be—basically health-seekers; losing weight and looking better are side effects. Most people nowadays need to lose weight, but there are some who should put it on. We do not encourage the kind of person who thinks he can live it up for 50 weeks of the year and then

come to us for a health-giving fortnight. The body can't take this sort of treatment. We have a long waiting list and can afford to take only those who are sincerely interested.

MR. BUCHANAN: (*Edstone*). Many cases of arthritis and those who are run down nervously. Considering the tension we live in these days that's not surprising. We do get people who just want to lose weight, of course. You must remember that overweight in itself is a serious condition, not just a matter of vanity. It strains the joints, causes high blood pressure and tension.

MR. REDDELL: (*Enton Hall*). You're bound to get a certain number of people who come simply to lose weight—but what we want to do is to re-educate them. I don't approve of shock diets—losing weight is a matter of reducing calories over a period of time. Nature cure is basically common sense.

MR. CHARLES: (*Michaelchurch Court*). I treat all kinds of illness, from backaches to indigestion. I have found that many complaints have a psychosomatic cause. Quite a number of my patients' troubles are rooted in marital insecurity. When I see a new patient I try to find out *why* he is ill.

What treatments do you provide?

MR. MOULE: Massage to improve circulation and muscular tone; osteopathic manipulation; we



have some electric equipment, but mainly prefer manual massage. Exercise, of course, very important, and equally so relaxation.

MR. BUCHANAN: We are keen on an active cure. Health should develop from your own habits, and the responsibility for the cure rests to a certain extent on the individual's own shoulders. We like people to walk two or three hours a day, and exercises are encouraged, but not compulsory. Rest and relaxation play a large part as well, with massage and specialized treatments.

MR. REDDELL: One of the main things is to teach the patient the way to health—you might almost say that by 40 a man should know how to become his own physician. Lots of fresh air and relaxation, of course, massage to tone up the muscles, osteopathy.

MR. CHARLES: Manipulation plays an important part—but I think it far better to spend two weeks gently massaging a patient's muscles into relaxation than to crack the spine straight away and scare him stiff. We also use foam baths—and we have some excellent and extremely expensive Continental equipment.

How strong is your discipline?

MR. MOULE: Fairly strict; alcohol is not allowed at all. The effect of a glass of whisky on a body that's fasting could be catastrophic. We do occasionally suspect

someone of sneaking off to the local. If we can prove it, we send them home; we certainly don't encourage smoking, but if someone finds it too difficult to give up, he can go to the smoking room. Lights out at 10.00 in the public rooms.

MR. BUCHANAN: I wouldn't say discipline is strict—it doesn't need to be. People who come here are anxious to be cured—they want to co-operate.

MR. JERVIS: (Resident manager at Enton Hall). Pretty strong. No smoking except in your own room, or the smoking room—tolerated, not encouraged. Drinking absolutely verboten. Yes, they would be asked to leave if we caught them drinking—or put



Michaelchurch Court, Hereford. Above: The major-domo, the Marquis de Penalva. Top: Mr. A. Charles. Mrs. Charles (below) administrates



it this way, we wouldn't want them back. Lights out downstairs at 10.00. Some of the people here have been seriously ill—they don't want to be woken at 11 by someone bounding up the stairs in a hilarious mood because he's lost 18 lbs.

MR. CHARLES: I don't stick to rigid rules. If you force habitual smokers to give up cigarettes, the consequent increase in strain might ruin benefits resulting from other parts of the treatment. If someone has to be put on a diet then they stick to it. They have to, or I will not carry on with the treatment.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Edstone, Wootton Wawen, near Stratford-on-Avon. Relaxation between treatments can be an energetic game of table-tennis (above) or quiet knitting and watching. Magazines and health foods are displayed (right) in the front hall



Enton Hall, Godalming, Surrey. Fresh vegetables and fruit are grown on the clinic's estate. Right: A health diet is not a female prerogative



What are your views on diet?

MR. MOULE: We're not faddy about food—unless it's faddy to insist that it's fresh and unadulterated. Wholewheat bread made from compost-grown wheat (without the use of chemicals)—a slice of that is satisfying. But most bread that's sold nowadays is absolutely useless. Most patients begin their visit by fasting in the diet room—they get fresh fruit and fruit juices. During this time the body is getting rid of toxins, and some people do find the first three days unpleasant; headaches, coated tongue, dry mouth. After that you start feeling wonderful, stop feeling hungry. In the main dining-room a typical lunch would be a bowl of soup, a plate of mixed salad, wholemeal bread



and cheese. Second helpings are allowed, but people find they don't need them.

MR. BUCHANAN: I am a vegetarian, because unless one is prepared to take an animal's life oneself, I think it's shirking the issue to eat meat. I wouldn't cut a calf's throat, so I don't eat the results of someone else doing so. And apart from the moral issue, most people take in far too much protein and don't exercise enough. The body doesn't get a chance to function properly—it's like driving a car with the handbrake on. You can do it if you try hard enough, but it's expensive and a waste of energy. The diet here is a matter of common sense—salads, fresh fruit, properly cooked vegetables, honey, wholemeal bread.



Enton Hall. Fruit juices (above) in the diet room and massage (top) in the treatment room. Right: Manager Mr. N. E. Jervis talks to a patient



MR. REDDELL: Of course, we don't fast everyone—you can't fast an ulcer case, for example. Those that do fast have a glass of hot water with a slice of lemon, in the diet room. There are occasional unpleasant symptoms—the worse the state of the body, the more violent the reaction—but many people feel no discomfort at all. After fasting you move on to oranges, yoghurt, fruit salad, then finally meals in the dining-room—soup, salads, cream cheese. We aren't a vegetarian establishment, but we stick to the lighter meats—chicken, and fish, of course. We have our own herd of Ayrshires. Really, you know, milk was designed for babies and calves, not grown people. All the same, I place great faith in it—a great body-builder and of course wonderfully digestible. I don't altogether deny frozen food. There's no reason why we shouldn't use science to vary our diet—as long as the *basis* is right.

MR. CHARLES: Meals here are balanced—a light breakfast, a meat meal and a salad meal. People on diets are treated specially, of course, though it's not necessary for everyone to diet automatically. The food we give is not all that different from that eaten outside—except that it's fresher and served in more sensible proportions. We grow our own fruit and vegetables and get milk from a local farm.



Enton Hall, Godalming, Surrey. Fresh air and relaxation. Nature cure is basically common sense, a re-education in health attitudes

What is the medical profession's attitude nowadays—and yours to them?

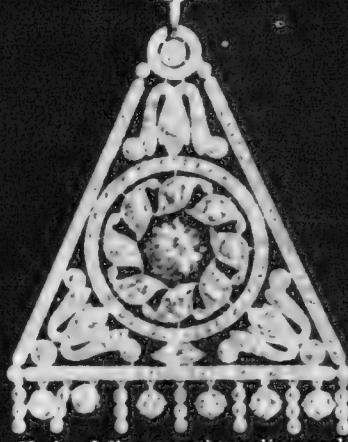
MR. BUCHANAN: Doctors are far more sympathetic than they used to be. Many patients are sent here by physicians. Of course I think surgery is sometimes necessary. But it's far more efficacious when combined with the correct dietetic treatment.

MR. MOULE: During the last few years doctors' attitudes to us have improved enormously. I am certainly not against surgery—but I feel a great percentage of operations could be avoided by Nature Cure treatment.

MR. REDDELL: Recently the medical profession has started to co-operate more with us. We've a lot to thank Harley Street for. Every month they send us more people. It's only the fanatics who say that surgery is unnecessary. I've had my life saved by it—of course, it's a wonderful contribution to healing used as an expedient in emergencies.

MR. CHARLES: The attitude of the medical profession differs, I find, from person to person. There are fanatics on both sides, it's a 50-50 thing. I would always recommend a patient to surgery if I felt it necessary, and often doctors send people to me. In the early days of my practice I suffered some pretty off treatment from doctors myself. But I have no grudge, would like to work with them.





Under feline scrutiny: diamond pendant and long chain; pendant £2,650 and chain £850. Large diamond star pin £750 and smaller version, one of a pair, £1,000. All from Carringtons

CARATS FOR CATS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY WARNER





Diamond necklace set with rubies; Cartier. Inside, diamond bracelet set with rubies, £2,500. Two more bracelets, wider one in diamonds set with cabochon sapphires, £1,200; and slender baguette diamonds clasped with brilliant-cut diamonds, £2,350. All these three from Rood. Sunburst brooch in gold, diamonds and turquoise, £525, at Michael Gosschalk. Gold rose brooch with diamonds outlining petals, £210, Gosschalk. Diamond necklace from Cartier, and, below on the far left, a diamond pendant brooch, £2,295, from Asprey

Opposite: white and yellow gold bracelet on the left, £210; next, wide trellis gold bracelet set with precious stones and clasped by ruby and diamond tassel, £1,525. Gold mesh necklace, the centre twist set with rubies, £172 10s. And below, horseshoe bracelet etched in diamonds and sapphires, £1,070. All at Garrards







Magnificent diamond tiara with centrepiece to double as brooch or pendant, Cartier. Five-row cultured pearl necklace, clasped with sapphires, £1,100; spray brooch in peardrop and baguette diamonds, £2,875; both from Asprey



Coiled bracelet of gold set with precious stones, £765, Michael Gosschalk. Antique diamond pendant brooch set in gold, £1,250; and below, gold necklace with tassel ends, tassels and centre set with diamonds and rubies, £485. Both at J. W. Benson. Framed by the necklace, gold wire brooch set with diamonds, £455, at Kutchinsky. Platinum Maltese cross set with diamonds £1,100, at J. W. Benson; and seal bracelet in gold with rubies and diamonds, £785, Kutchinsky





Gold evening bag with discreet diamond clasp, £1,575. Alongside, mesh bracelet in gold with rubies and diamonds hiding a watch £985; both at Kutchinsky. Gold snake necklace, embedded with clusters of diamonds, £825: Asprey, who also sell the pineapple ormolu table-lighter, £14 10s. Handsome ring of diamonds set in gold, gold mesh necklace with diamond drop motifs and diamond sweeping brooch: all from Cartier





THE LATE EXTRAVAGANZAS



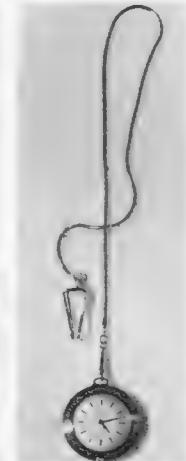
A set of tools encased in Hermes' drake's-head-green calf, outlined in stitching. 14 gns. from Faubourg St. Honoré, Piccadilly Arcade

Christmas chandelier in gilded wire, entwined with gold ivy and tinselly ribbon. Five branches hold flickering candles to light up festive halls. 6 gns. complete from Constance Spry, South Audley Street



Miniature Christmas trees designed by The Garden Shop, Brompton Road, who have others beside those shown here. White feather tree is festooned with silver tinsel and coloured baubles. £3 10s. Shell-decked Christmas tree is hung with birds and sparkles with silver glitter and sequins. In silver or blue and pinks and white, 3 gns. Colours can be co-ordinated with customers' colour schemes when trees are made to order

Hand-carved rosewood clothes brush with a harsh, bristly mane for obstinate specks of dirt. 15 gns. from the elegant new boutique started up by Gerard Austen at Carita in the front of his salon



Dress watch by Eterna is entirely automatic and is in stainless steel. The bezel is smoothly matt-finished. Seen here without a date-dial, which can be supplied. £37 15s. with calendar, £32 10s. without. From all branches of Watches of Switzerland



Eighth Christmas Exhibition at Roland, Browse & Delbano is a mixture of pictures by French and English artists. All are small pictures which Dr. Roland and Miss Browse have been collecting through the year. Prices range from £10 to £1,500, and any of them would make a rewarding Christmas extravagance. Shown is a pen and ink sketch, by Joseph Herman, of peasants working in the fields. (20 gns.)

WINTER ON THE AMSTEL



Preview of a new clothes influence . . . fashion from Holland seen in Amsterdam this December

RIVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ED SUISTER

STORMS AHEAD

Rain wouldn't stop play in a weathercoat like this: charleston pleats, and pillbox hat designed in midnight blue poplin with lighter piping

CASUAL RELATIONSHIPS

Elegant coats, shaped in suède, to slip on and forget about. Left: Easygoing partners for the sporting and country life—tobacco brown greatcoat with patch pockets and tie belt tops a deeper brown, sleeveless slip of a dress. Far left: Best kept for town, brilliant turquoise tapered into a lissom city coat

and to be seen in London next spring



HOT GOSSIPERS

News gets around fast about latest in suède. Such as the pale almond suit on the left, with handsome pockets and collarless jacket. Right: Navy dress with trick skirt—slim at front, finely gathered kick-pleats behind

STOCKISTS

Raincoat by Helfi at Swan & Edgar, Elliston & Cavell, Oxford, Rushworths, Huddersfield. Leathers by Vico of Rotterdam, a selection to be seen in February at Harrods, Kendal Milne, Hendersons of Liverpool

YES?

VERDICTS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

The Keep. Royal Court Theatre. (Mervyn Johns, Glyn Owen, Jessie Evans, Aubrey Richards.)

Big Brother with a lift

THE SHAPELESS PLAY MAY WELL BE ON ITS WAY OUT. PEOPLE ARE beginning gruellingly to ask themselves why they should be set to ferret out some portentous meaning which the author has been unable to pin-point for himself. But this improvement in playwriting, if it happens, will not, I hope, affect Mr. Gwyn Thomas. He, too, is a stage doodler, but his witty pen turns up so much good talk on its rambling way that clearly he must be granted a special licence to go on rambling. In *The Keep* at the Royal Court, for instance, he presents a Welsh family fixed in a singular predicament. They can neither go on staying at home happily nor can they bring themselves to break out of the family circle. They must sooner or later find a way out of the trap; but how their escape may come about we do not greatly care. (Though it appears that some final surprise sprung not very convincingly in a letter will do well enough.)

Meanwhile we are quite happy for them to go on talking about their plight, using language at once homely and rhetorical, hypocritical and self-mocking, absurdly thrustful and gleefully deflationary, swinging comically between the extremes of Welsh conformity and Welsh lawlessness. What makes us more or less indifferent to the plot is that Mr. Thomas's spontaneous humour is soundly based on close and tolerant observation of character, and the predicament itself is a predicament of character.

The family consists of an elderly father, five middle-aged sons and a daughter who does the housekeeping. They are all under the thumb of Constantine, the eldest of the brothers, a thrusting, loquacious, immensely energetic chap who has at last succeeded in becoming a

lawyer and aspires to become town clerk and a sort of "municipal Peter the Great." He takes himself so seriously that he believes he can never hope to accomplish his extraordinary destiny unless he has a home and a family behind him. He has learned that a committee decision is invariably made by the one man who has made up his mind beforehand what the decision must be, and he never ceases to impress on his brothers that their home must be regarded as a sacred memorial to their dead mother. They are not convinced, but though they do their best to stem his self-confident harangues by snide remarks they are unable, either individually or collectively, to resist his dominating character. They remain unmarried and fretful, but in the eyes of their father, a reformed drunkard, who loves self-righteously to recall the days of his guilt, a model of Welsh family solidarity.

But they are ripe for revolt, and in the absence of their domineering brother they decide to scatter, one to Swindon, one to Birmingham, one to Cape Town, and another to London, but at the very height of their rebellion the matter-of-fact housekeeping daughter opines deflatingly that the temptations of regular meals, domestic cosiness and habit will be too much for them. Do they want to escape or don't they? The moment the brother reappears he takes a firm grip of the dangerous situation. While they have been engaged in idle talk he has been talking to some purpose. Mrs. Loomah-Barkwag, the wealthy widow of a tycoon, is the patron on whom all his hopes are set. At her instance he is about to set up reforms in the town which will fulfil the dreams of all the brothers. The doctor will have his clinic, the schoolmaster his headmastership, the trade union official a place on the board, the railway booking clerk who conducts a male voice choir a place in the sun on a national television programme. The revolt crumples, with much beating of conscience-stricken breasts, and the family is more completely immured in the domestic keep than ever before.

Alas for over-vaulting ambition and the Welsh male weakness for women. Constantine, finding himself at the fireside of his patroness, ventures to touch her hand. Mrs. Loomah-Barkwag is no frail plant. Someone has recalled her as a contralto singing *Land Of My Fathers* in the open air and making the coronation mugs rattle. Her reply to the gallant pressure of his hand is a blow that sends all Constantine's hopes reeling. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and through Constantine's disaster the family are able, with the help of a little contrivance from the author, to free themselves. But their predicament, while it lasts, yields a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment with some Chekhovian overtones thrown in. All the acting is good, especially Mr. Mervyn Johns as the guilt-ridden father, and Mr. Dudley Jones as a sceptical trade unionist, Mr. Denys Graham as a timorous choirmaster and Miss Jessie Evans as the matter-of-fact housekeeping daughter. Mr. Thomas himself is a "find" for the theatre.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

La Vérité. Director Henri-Georges Clouzot. (Brigitte Bardot, Charles Vanel, Sami Frey, Louis Seigner.)

The Knife. Director Fons Rademakers. (Reitze Van Der Linden, Ellen Vogel, Marie-Louise Videc, Paul Cammermans.)

Pavements Of Paris. Director Henri Decoin. (Danielle Gaubert, Jacques Riberolles, Nadia Gray.)

Petticoat Pirates. Director David MacDonald. (Charlie Drake, Anne Heywood, Cecil Parker, John Turner.)

M. Clouzot at low pressure

IT WOULD APPEAR FROM M. HENRI-GEORGES CLOUZOT'S *La Vérité*—a solidly well-directed film curiously lacking in the tension of which he is notoriously a master-builder—that if the truth ever comes out at a French murder trial, it is certainly not the fault of the prosecution, the defence or the presiding judges. At the end of two hours, five minutes and 52 seconds, it was still impossible to decide whether Mlle. Brigitte Bardot had deliberately killed her ex-lover, M. Sami Frey—who was found dead with six bullets in him—or whether the whole thing was



Scheming to dominate the family, ambitious Constantine (Glyn Owen) saps the resistance of his father (Mervyn Johns), in *The Keep*

just a regrettable accident. Mlle. Bardot, her usually rampant hair screwed into a prim bun, pathetically claims from the dock that M. Frey was the one love of her life—and this may be "*la vérité*"—but from the flashbacks covering her shoddy past (in which her coiffure is a miracle of dishevelment) one would gather that she is an abandoned little slut to whom *l'amour* means nothing more than a casual romp with the first available male. The trial develops into a battle of wits between the Attorney General, M. René Blancard, and defending counsel, the excellent M. Charles Vanel—neither of whom seems to care a damn about the wretched girl whose life is at stake—while the President of the Court, who pounces into the fray from time to time, displays an astonishing degree of prejudice against the accused. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that Mlle. Bardot's already marked suicidal tendencies eventually get the better of her.

M. Clouzot certainly conveys most effectively the extreme cynicism of the lawyers and the horrid atmosphere of the packed courtroom—the sensation-seeking spectators avidly lapping up the scandalous evidence and roaring with delight as witnesses, whether perjured or not, are shot down in flames under cross-examination—but as the case drags on one wearis of Mlle. Bardot's tatty little affairs, none of which seems of any more importance than the coupling of mayflies. M. Frey, it must be said, gives a remarkable performance as a dedicated young musician (classical, not jazz, thank goodness) and conducts an orchestra as if he really were conducting an orchestra, with immense *élan*.

From Holland comes **The Knife**, an unusual and sensitive study of a 13-year-old boy's conflicting emotions in his transition from childhood's innocence to adult awareness. As the film opens, he is being seen off to boarding-school by his mother, Miss Ellen Vogel, and his tutor, Mr. Paul Cammermans. His thoughts, as he sits silent and withdrawn, are revealed in flashback. He recalls how he stole "the knife," an Eastern weapon (and incidentally a symbol of sex and power), from a missionary exhibition. He relives the disturbing moment when he first encountered what grown-ups call "love"—the furtive mating of youths and girls in the woods—and the panic rage and horror he experienced on discovering that his mother is the tutor's mistress. He can now accept the fact calmly. He has come to terms with life. He has grown up. The boy is gravely played by Master Reitze Van Der Linden—and Miss Marie-Louise Videc, an extraordinarily appealing, skinny little girl, gives an exquisite performance as the farmer's daughter, still a child, whose friendship he has now outgrown. Mr. Fons Rademakers has directed the film beautifully—with great subtlety, insight and compassion.

From the advance publicity on **Pavements Of Paris**—another of these films about a young girl from the provinces (Mlle. Danielle Gaubert) who goes to the dogs in Paris—I gathered we were to be regaled with an orgy of unspeakable vice, as practised in the gay city. Either the censor has been at the film with a pair of garden shears or the Parisians have a very rum idea of what constitutes an orgy. As far as I am concerned, the vice is not only unspeakable—it's invisible. Miss Nadia Gray gives a very jolly performance as a good-humoured Russian tart and procress—but you never actually see her tarting or procuring or doing anything more depraved than dallying with a glass of champagne. Most disappointing.

Mr. Charlie Drake disguised as a Wren and going all girlish may not be your idea of a good time at the movies—and certainly isn't mine but he delighted the 12-year-old schoolgirl who sat beside me at **Petticoat Pirates**: she said he and the film were "smashing." As a matter of fact—and disregarding the allergy that Mr. Drake sets up in me for some reason that I couldn't possibly explain—this little Navy lark is good fun: clean as a bosun's whistle, too. Because Mr. Cecil Parker, an Admiralty brass-hat, refuses to let Wrens serve in warships alongside the men, a bunch of these spirited gals, under the leadership of Miss Anne Heywood (who looks extremely pretty in her natty uniform), steal a frigate—to prove that they can handle her as well as any male. Mr. John Turner, a lieutenant; Mr. Drake, a shore-based boiler-room attendant; and a handful of naval ratings who should have been kept well battened down, rather get in the girls' hair—but Captain Heywood carries her command as one in whose veins the blood of Nelson

flows, and the whole deplorably naughty and defiant exercise ultimately wins the admiration and applause of even the most hidebound and bigoted members of the Royal Navy. Mr. David MacDonald, the director, can blithely splice the mainbrace and drink a toast to himself: his film will be a winner among the kids—and don't forget you'll have them on your hands any minute now.



Stella Stevens, dynamic young star of *L'il Abner* and *Man Trap*, plays a discouraged vocalist in *Too Late Blues*, reviewed here last week. Above: with her idealist jazz musician friend (Bobby Darin). Top: Framed in Cliff Carnell's saxophone during a swing session

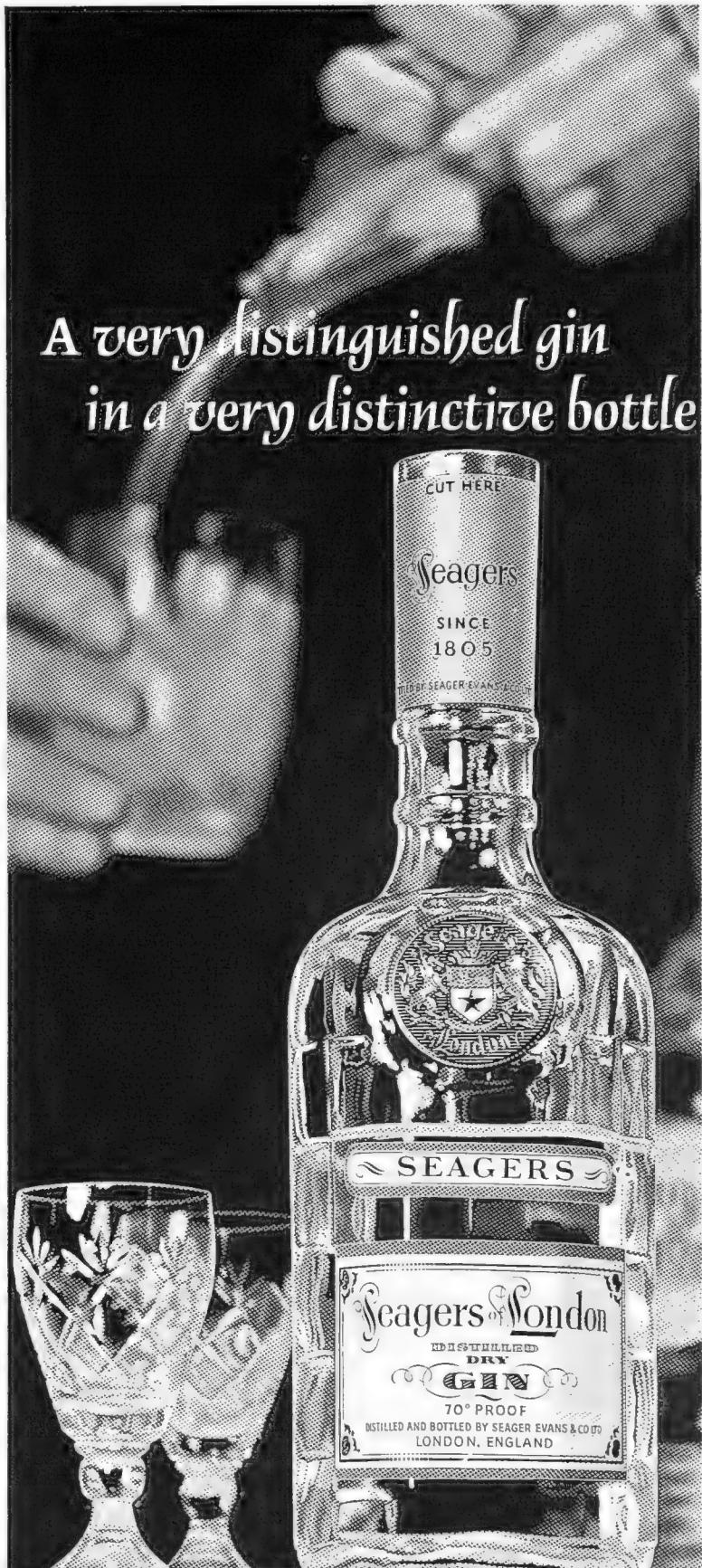


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SEAGERS
OF LONDON
GIN

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

Art On The Market, by Maurice Rheims. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 36s.)
Sotheby's 217th Season. (Sotheby & Co., 35s.)
International Art Sales, I, ed. Geo. Savage. (Studio Books, 42s.)
The English Inside Out, by Pearl Binder. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.)
Parodies From Chaucer to Beerbohm & After, by Dwight Macdonald. (Faber, 30s.)
It Wasn't Me! by Ian Jeffries. (Cape, 15s.)
The Encyclopaedia Of Murder, by Colin Wilson & Pat Pitman. (Barker, 30s.)
The Bedside Guardian. (Collins, 13s. 6d.)
Faces, by Laelia Goehr. (Harvell, 30s.)

The Medicis had it best

SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE BIG HANDSOME PICTURE-BOOKS ABOUT ART IN galleries and museums comes another stream of publications about art-as-an-investment, art as a buying and selling concern, and if this depresses you with glum thoughts about the materialism of an affluent society, try to find some comfort in the fact that such conscience-smitten sensibility surely never plagued the Medici, piling up their jolly collections in a remarkably uninhibited manner. **Art on the Market**, by Maurice Rheims, is a fascinating book full of odd stories about collectors, nice comments on the whole collecting mania—especially about its beginnings in childhood—and adorable sidelights on dedicated collectors—the Goncourts reading Plato in the saleroom to soothe their poor tortured nerves, Catherine II saying memorably of herself “I am not a nibbler but a glutton.” For all nibblers who plan to become gluttons as quickly as possible this book is required reading.

Then there is a fairly breathtaking little publication, a footnote of some importance on our times, called simply **Sotheby's 217th Season**, bulging with diamond tiaras, Gothic angels, jade bowls, tapestries, teapots, chairs and paintings, and containing my favourite erratum of the year: “p.11. \$28,834,100 should read \$23,634,100.” When you're dealing with this sort of sum, accuracy counts. And, in keeping with our current preoccupations, there is a new annual just out—**International Art Sales, I**, edited by George Savage, in which you can ponder the rival attractions of an Archangel Michael by Andrea della Robbia, currently worth some £14,000, and a Picasso Blue Period painting sold at £48,000. To me the only sensible conclusion seems to be an infinite regret that my lumber room is not stuffed with neglected minor Impressionist scribbles and laundry-lists, and then to stop grieving.

The English Inside Out, by Pearl Binder, is yet another of those self-congratulatory cries of amazed astonishment of which the English can never have too many—about sex, snobbery, love, sense of humour, all the dear precious English attributes all over again, and honestly you'd have thought it might be a good thing for the English to start looking at somebody else for a change. I find Miss Binder a little heavy, and she shakes my confidence in her deductions by telling us that *Winnie The Pooh* is a “book of lush verses for children.” This is cutting at the root of things; to attack your source books, you must first know them.

Briefly . . . Dwight Macdonald's anthology, **Parodies—from Chaucer to Beerbohm & After**, contains much magical and haunting stuff (including Wolcott Gibbs's skit on Hemingway—“I have talked a lot about s-x before, and now I thought I would talk about something else. *The cook*: I think that is very unfortunate, sir, because you are at your best with s-x, but when you talk about automobiles you are just a nuisance.”) . . . Ian Jeffries' **It Wasn't Me!** explains so little about itself that it is with caution I hazard the guess it's something to do with university professors, ballistic missile mathematical secrets, and a dangerous secret journey to Hungary. Nevertheless, I heartily recommend it for its rapid, crackling, sourish but very funny wit, and because the hero is thoroughly accessible and remarkably lifelike in his ill-advised relationships with girls.

The Encyclopaedia of Murder, by Colin Wilson & Pat Pitman, is brisk and thorough and seems to me dismal and dispiriting in the extreme. Mr. Wilson relates it all to his theme song about “man can eventually become superman,” Mrs. Pitman makes calm nothing-morbid-about-it

references to Charles Lamb, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. The cover is bordered with a dismal array of grotesques in lettuce green, as I suppose one might expect. . . . **The Bedside Guardian**, 10th edition, contains articles by Philip Hope-Wallace, James Morris and Michael Frayn, which ought to be a sound enough guarantee for anyone. . . . **Faces** is a collection of dog-photographs by Laelia Goehr, and as in general I can easily live my life without gazing too deeply into doggy eyes I was not what you might call pre-sold on the book. The difference, however, between this and any other dog-picture book is in fact the witty, odd, distinguished and learned text, contributed by Victoria Sackville-West with a good deal of information about dogs she has owned herself. My life has not been quite the same since I learnt that the Afghan hound is shy and timid because of his “inability to understand the conditions under which we live.” If only someone could get through to him that others feel the same way.



W. O. Bentley, car designer extraordinary, has written in *The Cars In My Life* (Hutchinson, 25s.), an account of the engineering adventures that accompanied his creation of a legend on four wheels

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Get Happy, by Ella Fitzgerald
Happy Holliday, by Michael Holliday
Mr. Acker Bilk's Lansdowne Folio
The Best of Barber & Bilk Vol. 2, by Acker Bilk/Chris Barber
The Temperance Seven
When The Saints Go Marching In, by The Saints Jazz Band
Sidney Bechet Jazz Classics Vol. 2
It Was a Lover, by Cleo Laine
Something's Gotta Give, by Cleo Laine
When Your Lover Has Gone, by Frank Sinatra
In His Best Swinging Mood, by Frank Sinatra
Sinatra Swings, by Frank Sinatra
The Wham of Sam, by Sammy Davis Jr.
Morris Grants Presents JUNK
The New Frontier, by Mort Sahl
Black Coffee, by Peggy Lee

Music for the party

CHRISTMAS IS CHASING AND CATCHING UP WITH US AGAIN, AND WITH IT come those party moments when music of the lighter sort is most in demand. I cannot hope to make more than passing mention of some records whose titles and contents seem appropriate, starting with Ella Fitzgerald's rhythmic exhortation to **Get Happy** (CLP1455). Singer Michael Holliday takes up the theme, and wishes everyone a **Happy Holliday** (SCX3398) to the easy Dixieland accompaniment of George Chisholm's all-stars. This album is strongly reminiscent of the Bing Crosby treatment, as opposed to **Mr. Acker Bilk's Lansdowne Folio**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 789

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VERDICTS *continued*

(SCX3394), which reminds me only of Acker Bilk's style and treatment. The music is boisterous, varied in mood, and seems to be ideal for dancing to in the average home, provided always that the floor does not give way.

Mr. Bilk, the uncrowned king of "trad" in Britain, joins forces with his closest rival, Chris Barber, to provide similar entertainment in **The Best of Barber & Bilk Vol. 2** (GGL0096). This peculiar form of basic jazz should not be confused with the vintage dance music offered by the **Temperance Seven** (PCS3021). This astonishing group has gone to considerable pains to recapture the authentic sounds of the dance bands in the 20s, and I believe much of their music would have been described as "novelty foxtrot" in the slightly naïve vernacular of the period. Trad has its best fling of the month with Manchester's Saints Jazz Band playing their hearts out and their heads off in a rousing set which opens with **When The Saints Go Marching In** (ENC115). Their sense of musicianship is outstanding, and their arrangements are interesting and well thought out. Before leaving the field of traditional music I should mention that the second volume of **Sidney Bechet Jazz Classics** has now been issued by Blue Note (BLP1202). For the fans this is a memorable and worthwhile album, containing most of the tracks that I have already worn out in their original versions.

Returning to more sophisticated sounds, I was tremendously impressed by Cleo Laine's single **It Was A Lover** (45DB4723), Arthur Young's unusual setting of the Shakespeare piece to jazz. Cleo's other single, **Something's Gotta Give** (7N35020) is more of a shouting match with the band, which I find does not suit her. Frank Sinatra has a lot to say for himself, in sentimental vein like **When Your Lover Has Gone** (ENC101), **In His Best Swinging Mood** (SW1491), which is more exciting, and **Sinatra Swings** (R1002), which is better still. Being on Frank's own label, Reprise, he seems to be prepared to launch out into more ambitious things than ever. On the same label, from the same "clan" (if you'll allow the expression) comes **The Wham of Sam** (R2003), all Sammy Davis Jr.'s own work. I admire him for choosing his material and his accompanying groups so carefully, but wish his voice sounded less deadpan.

No party would be complete in this age without a touch of off-beat humour; there is a ready-made answer for modern jazz fans in **Morris Grants Presents JUNK** (NJL37), a frivolous but successful attempt to portray some of the more inconsequential nonsenses we suffer at the hands of the real jazz makers. One of the masters of political satire in America is Mort Sahl. He deals with **The New Frontier** in his latest and almost topical album for Reprise (R5002). If the party looks like lasting too long, how about asking Peggy Lee to drop a hint like **Black Coffee** to speed the parting guests. Hers is a delectable album of songs (AH5) that may not be new, but which reveal her style to perfection.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Derek Hill Retrospective Exhibition: Whitechapel Art Gallery
Royal Society of Portrait Painters: Royal Institute Galleries

Things as they were

"IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMETHING WE CAN UNDERSTAND, FOR A CHANGE," an East Ender said to me as I was looking round Derek Hill's show at the Whitechapel. And, with the vivid impression of alchemist Rothko's vast, mysterious abstractions still afflicting my mind, I could see what he meant. It comes as a considerable surprise to find this hangar-like gallery, from which we have learned to expect a sensation every time, filled with sober, serious, and sometimes sensitive paintings in which things—hills and houses, sea and sky, men and beasts—are still what they used to be.

And surprisingly (or perhaps not) the surprise seems to be shared by the gallery's daring director, Bryan Robertson, who has felt compelled to preface the catalogue with a sort of *apologia* for the presence of



Lake Garten: Winter, one of Derek Hill's paintings at Whitechapel

Mr. Hill's work in his gallery. That such an explanation will seem entirely unnecessary to the majority of visitors does not detract from its value as a succinct guide to several of the art "isms" of today. Hill's painting, we are told, is neither realist nor academic but traditional. But, Mr. Robertson goes on, if traditional painting is not to degenerate into academicism it must *add* something to that tradition. And what does Hill add to the traditional character of art? Before attempting to answer that question Mr. Robertson, who cannot conceal that his spiritual home is among the "non-traditional" artists, tells us: "... few artists today are concerned with a truthful rendering of natural appearances. Instead, artists are trying to be truthful to their own actual responses to life, nature and experience ... Derek Hill does not share their pursuit and remains a liberal humanist, in the old-fashioned sense of the phrase, content to accept nature as an inviolable phenomenon which exists in its own right."

When, finally, he comes to tell us what the artist has "added" he does so with something of the air of a barrister mouthing platitudes about his client's honesty and sensibility and good character. Clearly he thinks that Hill is old-fashioned. And so, of course, he is. Again and again in the exhibition I thought I was looking at an early Corot landscape, a Sickert interior or figure, a "Euston Road" portrait. Damning the artist with faint praise Mr. Robertson points out the scholarly nature of his painting, its objectivity, its discipline, the reticence with which the paint is handled, the stylistic self-effacement. Today all such things are "old-fashioned" but their importance in the teaching of art is perhaps more important than ever. In these days, when "free expression" becomes the god of most art students long before they have acquired the technical skill with which to express themselves freely or otherwise, we need more teachers like Derek Hill, who is art director of the British School at Rome.

I do not want to give the false impression that he is entirely a didactic artist. But, since I went to Whitechapel straight from the Royal Society of Portrait Painters show, I could not help reflecting how much he could teach the society's members and fellow-travellers about their own job. Of course I was wrong. Can you teach an insensitive portraitist to be sensitive? A superficial one to have insight? A conceited one to be humble? A commercial one to be dedicated? Nearly all the exhibitors at the Royal Institute Galleries appear to belong to one or more of those categories—insensitive, superficial, conceited or just frankly commercial. I would like to take them all, forcibly if necessary, to Whitechapel and stand them in front of Derek Hill's excellent portrait of Mrs. Francis Toye or even in front of some of his less successful portraits; for, without exception, they are the work of an artist for whom the painting—not the slick effect, the inflated ego or the quick turnover—is the thing.



DOWN ON THE

BEAUTY FARM

Change of address: the Beauty Farm has just moved from Knebworth to new pastures at The Grange, Henlow, near Hitchin (above left) where Mrs. Leida Costigan (above) improves on good looks

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



FACE MASSAGE (above) AND THE G5 (right)

How they gonna keep you down on the farm, now that you've seen Paree? Easy, if the farm happens to be the Beauty Farm at Henlow. An early Georgian mansion sprawls neatly in the middle of acres of parkland—Tudor and Queen Anne bits grow off it and inside is everything to make a near-miss good looking. **The scene:** Rooms to be leisurely in like the Peacock Room with its walls hand-painted over 100 years ago and frosting white pillars, ceilings and fireplaces. Rooms to sleep in with cream close carpeting and pretty, chintzy fabrics everywhere. Country house grounds to stretch your legs in with high Tudor hedges, an Italian terrace to dream on in the summer, a river for swimming, willows, waterfall and swans to look at. Wintery asset: temperature is around 70. **The treatments:** First a check-up at director Mrs. Leida Costigan's office where you are weighed in, measured and the treatment is worked out.



After induction, a day in your life on the beauty farm might sound like this: fruit juice in bed at 7.45, followed by a fruit/coffee breakfast at 8.15 (for the first 36 hours hot pure lemon juice is sipped every three hours—if you want most benefit from the treatment it's best to try and keep to this régime. It clears the body of toxins and helps chase off initial weight). Generally what you eat is flexible, but eggs and chicken, meat, vegetables, fruit form the base for a balanced diet. After breakfast comes about half an hour of gym—the lazy kind that relaxes and helps taut city muscles to ease up. Then you climb into a loose towelling robe and go into the treatment rooms. Here dry heat and steamy baths are alternated. Bath menu: stimulating seaweed, foam, vitamin, purifying pine and horse chestnut, Sauna. After a dry heat bath comes the ultra violet treatment which acts as a skin tonic. Baths are followed-up

by a treatment with the G5 vibrator which stimulates circulation and slims. Finally, a body massage with one of the farm's special creams and a sparkling rub-down with cologne. Lunch follows at one and treatment starts on the face and neck at two. Facial cleansing and stimulation is the mixture here. Samples: the Traxator, the electrical acne treatment, Vapourzone which cleanses pores. Half an hour of back, shoulders, neck and face massage relaxes 100%; soothing away tension and taut muscles. About 5.30 you can slack off for the rest of the afternoon or take extra treatments until 6.30 when fruit and vegetable cocktails are shaken at the health and beauty bar. Dinner at 7, followed by the Relaxator and massage couch.

The cost: 15 gns. for a weekend (one average visitor lost 5 lbs.) 25 gns. for a week (single room), 55 gns. for a luxe suite.

Photographs: Barry Warner



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

The P.M. votes for eggs

IT WOULD NOT SURPRISE ME IF **Celebrity Cooking For You**, EDITED BY Renée Hellman (André Deutsch, 16s.) becomes a best-seller. It is a worthy book in all senses of the word, for the entire profits will go to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Its sub-title is "Dishes chosen by the Famous" and, while modesty forbids me claiming that all of the 280 contributors are that, I must say that most of them come into the category. Many of the dishes are contributed by men. Mr. Macmillan votes for "fluffy eggs," Mr. Butler for "Parisian chicken," in which orange peel and almonds are added to the rice; Mr. Marples likes salmon trout and Lord Woolton plumps for fresh herrings in *Sauce Duglère*. Sir Alec Guinness likes *Tête de Veau à la Vinaigrette*—and Robert Graves contributes mock anchovy *pâté*, a recipe taken from Apicius's Cookery Book, *Artis Magiricae* (first century A.D.). In Mr. Gaitskell's fruit salad, the fruit is moulded in a jelly made with gelatine and ginger ale, an interesting blend. He says, "I like this salad served with new boiled potatoes and hot beef."

So far I have not had an opportunity of trying any of the unfamiliar recipes but one of the first sweets I shall make is the "Napolina" of M. Calderoni, *maitre chef* of the May Fair Hotel. The name tells you nothing, but the contents of this **APPLE CUSTARD PIE** (for 4 to 6 people) promise something specially good: Take a pint of cream and slice therein as much French roll as will make it thick. Beat up 5 eggs. Butter the bottom of a dish, slice 8 pippins into it and add thereto some orange peel, sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint port wine. Pour in the cream, bread and eggs. Lay a puff paste over the dish and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F. or gas mark 8).

Every woman who cooks has not one but many favourite dishes. Mine vary with the season. From now on until the end of the cold weather I will take any excuse to make a very special **POT AU FEU**. I must say that it is not for jaded appetites, but is a worthwhile dish to set before hungry young people. For it you want a piece of silverside (3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), tied neatly to keep its shape; a boiling chicken (not too old but old enough—say a year or a little over—so that the fullness of flavour is there); an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. giblets (without the livers) and a good shin bone, broken through. Tie the bone in a piece of muslin, together with a good sprig of thyme, a large bay leaf, 2 sticks of celery, a large onion and a clove. Tie the giblets also in this "bag."

Place the meat with the bone, &c. in a very large pot, cover with $4\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of cold water and add a tablespoon of salt. Bring slowly to the boil and skim off the froth. Cover and leave to settle down to a gentle simmering. After $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, add the fowl, trussed as for boiling and rubbed all over with a cut lemon. Cover again and continue to cook for another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Then add a small turnip cut into eighths, a small parsnip cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. rounds and 8 whole small carrots. Continue the simmering for another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, when the meat and chicken should be tender. An hour before the meal is to be served, add the white parts of 6 to 8 well cleaned leeks. Lift out the meat and chicken. Strain into a small pan enough stock for them. Carefully spoon off the fat as it rises, then draw tissue paper over the surface to catch up the last few "eyes" of fat. Reheat the stock. Taste it and add more seasoning, if needed.

Carve the meat and chicken, place them in a heated platter and spoon a little of the hot fat-free stock over them. Pass the remainder separately. Garnish with the vegetables and, if you like, a plainly boiled Savoy cabbage, cut into sixths or eighths, depending on the number of people to be served. Strain the rest of the stock into a bowl, leave to become cold, then store in the refrigerator for soup or other dishes. The fat will come off in one cake. The marrow from the bone is excellent, scooped out, placed on toast and heated through under the grill.



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MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Leave floating to boats



Testing wet-weather tyres on the skid pan at Fort Dunlop

WINTER COMES AND SKIDDING ACCIDENTS ARE IN THE NEWS, PARTICULARLY since that very nasty one on M1 when a fast car spinning out of control across the centre strip was cut in two by one coming the other way. Suddenly we are told that cars travelling fast on a wet road "float" and there is a call for wet weather speed limits. (But who decides if a road is wet, dry or just damp at any given moment?) The discovery that fast-travelling cars can "float" on wet roads is not new. It emerged from some interesting research work at the Road Research Laboratory and I wrote articles about it six or seven years ago. It takes time to squeeze out the film of water between tyre and road, and the speed of cutting through can be affected by the size and sharpness of the stones in the road surface and the tread pattern on the tyre. Some stones are not sharp enough, or get polished into a rounded shape, which explains why some nice matt surfaces are surprisingly slippery. Smooth tyres present no escape channels for the water and so they delay contact between tyre and road. The higher the speed, the less time there is to break through the film, but a car should not be floating continuously on a film of water unless it is travelling very fast indeed, or unless the road is waterlogged. And if a road becomes waterlogged every time it rains there is something wrong with it. Good tyres with a sharp tread pattern greatly increase the speed at which one cuts through the water film, and the new high-hysteresis wet weather tyres give a much better grip. Dunlop and Firestone are now making them and Avon are producing a special version for fast cars.

Drivers should be taught how to control skids, but this is not included in the driving test and driving schools do not usually include it in their training—it certainly could not be done on public roads without provoking dangerous driving charges for all concerned. There is of course the well-known Anti-skid School at Wolvey, a skid pan has been opened at Leven in Fife and one is to be provided at the advanced driving circuit at Finmere. The thing to remember is that a fast-travelling car hitting a thin patch of water is in much the same state as one running on to ice.

If the water is deep the situation will be entirely different because it will exert a powerful braking effect and will probably throw the car off course. But a thin film of standing water can produce the same symptoms as ice, with that sudden alarming lightness in the steering, and the driver's reaction should be the same. Avoid any abrupt movement with accelerator, brakes or steering. If you must brake, do it in a quick series of pumping actions on the pedal, to avoid locking the wheels. If the car starts to slide, release the brakes, de-clutch and steer into the skid, being ready to spin on opposite lock to quell the counter skid the moment the tail stops coming round. Most skid correction is too slow; in a bad skid you really have to snatch at the rim of the wheel and spin it, first one way, then the other, as soon as you have checked the initial movement. It is a pity that we do not have more skid tracks where drivers can practice, because it is only by handling a sliding car in conditions where there is no risk of hitting anything that one can overcome the initial feeling of panic and learn to take calm counter measures.

A lot of accidents might be avoided if we put up the Continental type of road sign, showing a skidding car, at places where the road becomes very slippery when wet. The same sign should also be installed at points where ice and frost tend to form in winter. There are some places where humidity and local wind conditions regularly produce the moisture deposits which turn to ice. It often happens near power stations, where the condensers discharge a lot of steam into the air. Yet the road authorities in Britain seem to feel that the erection of skid warning signs would be an admission that something is wrong with the road—and it would never do to admit that anyone other than the driver can be at fault. Yet even our authorities will put up big notices proclaiming that a road is an Accident Black Spot, and giving statistics of the accidents that have happened there. This is usually intended as a warning to drivers. In fact it is an advertisement announcing that the Ministry of Transport and the local authority are not doing their job.

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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Presents for influence

I THINK THE ESSENCE OF A PRESENT IS THAT IT SHOULD BE SOMETHING one would never buy for oneself. At the same time it must fill a long-felt want, conscious or unconscious. It may be something which could appear quite unsuitable at first glance, but with far-reaching implications. Christmas present buying is an opportunity to influence the pattern of life. Take, for instance, the tycoon. Burdened by administration problems, frustrated by parking restrictions, worried about the credit squeeze, the pay pause and what he's going to give *you*—the perfect present for him is a plastic construction kit; boat, plane, car or the human anatomy ("reproductive system an optional extra"), it doesn't matter which. Frightfully therapeutic, relaxing and lots of fun. And it's something no tycoon would ever go out and buy for himself.

But this is an extreme case. More often, the recipient's interests are a key to the present. *Motorists* are especially well provided for. There is a handlamp, with a powerful white beam at the front and a flashing red light at the back, £5 15s. 5d. at Harrods, with a battery included. And a key ring that also holds and dispenses sixpences for those bug-eyed parking meters, in anodized aluminium. They cost half-a-guinea, again from Harrods. Austin Reed have a useful driver's companion, a leather-bound road atlas, with pocket torch, pencil, compass, trip cards and a slide-rule mileage gauge, 90s. *Golfers*, too, are well looked after. Austin Reed have a pack for them to keep odds and ends in—it's a leather wallet, lined with oilskin, fitted with pockets for keys, cigarettes, lighter, golf balls, and with score card, 6 tees and a flannel for wiping balls, £5 12s. 6d. *Good grooming* will come all the easier to the man who gets an electric trouser press; something like an ordinary valet stand but with a timed pressing device, £25. Without the electrics, the plain valet stand costs £5 15s. A shoe polishing stand, with brushes and

polish is 49s. 6d. And a halter shaving mirror, to hang round the neck of the man who likes to pace about while shaving, costs 55s. All at Austin Reed.

Gadgets? Well, among the more practical ones, there's a battery operated electric pencil sharpener, 75s., a telephone dialler with a timer for one to six minute calls, useful if STD is in local operation, 27s. 6d., or a ball-point pen with a built-in electric torch, 32s. 6d. (quite perfect for any theatre critics you may know). All at Harrods. Less gimmicky, two good tool kits; one a set of carpenter's tools, held in a canvas briefcase with a zip and handle for 75s. 6d., and the other a more elaborate set of general purpose tools, about 50 of them, in a strong metal box, 10 guineas, both at Harrods.

Clothes present an almost unlimited choice—taking just one colour, Jaeger have a splendidly warm wool dressing gown, faced with black, in bright scarlet, 7 gns. To go with this, scarlet pyjamas in cotton, again with black facings, from Harborows of New Bond Street. Shirts, too, are a good, acceptable sort of present; I would be happy to receive one of those designed by Hardy Amies for Radiac, on sale at Simpsons in Piccadilly; very close grey check on white, with contrasting white collar and cuffs—I tip these to succeed Bengal stripes, which are cropping up all over the place. I would also like a pound of caviare, a season ticket to a Sauna bath, and a Charles Eames leather chair. But that's beside the point. The most successful present I gave recently was a brass ship's clock which chimed the watches—very confusing, especially at seven o'clock, when it struck six bells (£21 11s. 8d., barometer about £8. from most chandlers and ship's stores). Successful, too, and slightly cheaper, a navy and white woven stripe butcher's apron, for would-be chefs or involuntary washers-up, 11s. 6d. at Woollards.

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ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

Paul Léde & Cie

TO CONTINUE WHERE I LEFT OFF A FORTNIGHT AGO, DISCUSSING A FEW choice old climbing roses, I should like to begin these notes with another old rose of quality: *M. Paul Léde*. Each year in June passers-by in the lane stop at my garden gate and pause to admire it with murmurs of approval. I can most strongly recommend this old turn-of-the-century rose, but it is quite hard to get. My memories of it go back to childhood when my father grew it. About 1956, when I tried to obtain one, it proved elusive, though eventually I was successful and bought a Gothic garden arch especially for it. *Paul Léde* is the complete period rose and is a dazzling sight when in full bloom, forming a mass of flesh/cream roses, each with a rich apricot centre, and the scent fills the garden.

Such roses bring the misty days of King Edward VII into a sharper focus, evocative as they are of picnics at Pangbourne or that ever fragrant painting by Charles Furse, "Diana of the Uplands." *Paul Léde* has two flowering periods and is admirable for a tall arch or pergola where careful training on a more or less horizontal plane encourages an abundance of buds. That it is a well-disposed rose is proved by the fact that I have discovered it on an old cottage porch where it had obviously been untouched by secateurs for ages; in spite of making too much wood, and badly placed shoots, the rose was densely covered in choice blooms.

A point to remember in passing, applying to all climbing roses on trellis or wire-covered arches and the like, is to avoid the interlacing of rose shoots—keep all on the outside of the arch. It is well to inspect climbers on arches at frequent intervals during the growing season and temporarily tie in the new shoots as they form. In fact, climbing roses should be well trained wherever they are—there is nothing worse than a neglected climbing rose full of stiff old wood: one's aim should be to have as much young wood on hand as possible.



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Queen Alexandra, which like *Paul Léde* has, or had, a bush as well as the climbing form (the bush variety being introduced in 1917), is a delightful pale and dark pink climber. It is also sweet scented, of vigorous habit, and is particularly useful in having mildew-proof foliage. Actually there are two varieties of *Queen Alexandra*—Nos. 1 and 2, the latter being yellow flushed with pink. This leads to confusion and so does the fact that the artificial rose we buy on Alexandra Rose Day slightly resembles the American Pillar rose. My experience in finding



Paul Léde

the rose was most tedious. My inquiries made the nurserymen's eyes bulge, followed by the automatic attempt to fob me off with the American Pillar. So if you ask for *Queen Alexandra*, be prepared for evasive action. Lastly, may I remind you of the quite common but most attractive *Dr. F. Van Fleet*. I shall be referring to it in detail in the future as it is a "must" for town gardens, even those of London, and of course it does well in the country.



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PREPARATIONS AND TREATMENTS

The Hon Elizabeth Beatrice Baring to Captain Nicholas Albany Gibbs: *She* is the daughter of Lord & Lady Howick of Glendale, of Howick, Alnwick, Northumberland. *He* is the son of the late Capt. L. C. Gibbs and Mrs. A. W. James, of Updown, Eastry, Kent



Fayer



Yevonde

Miss Robina Dallmeyer to Mr. Paul Nicolson: *She* is the daughter of Mr. C. J. Y. & the Hon. Mrs. Dallmeyer, of Luffness Mill House, Aberlady, East Lothian. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Nicolson, of Kimpton, Herts

Miss June Helen Cardiff to Captain Robin Fremantle: *She* is the daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. Erelt Cardiff, of Easton Court, Ludlow. *He* is the son of Major & Mrs. M. A. P. Fremantle, of Fasgadh, Newtonmore, Inverness-shire

Yevonde



Meade—Drummond: The Hon. Theodosia Beatrix Catherine Mary Meade, daughter of the late Lieut. Lord Gillford, R.N., and the late Lady Gillford, was married to Angus Julian, son of the late Mr. Charles Drummond and the late Lady Caroline Drummond, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, W.1

Lindsay—Fitzalan-Howard: Jacynth, daughter of Mr. Martin Lindsay, M.P., & Mrs. Lindsay, of Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, was married to the Hon. Mark Fitzalan-Howard, son of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, of Carlton Towers, Goole, at St. James's Church, Spanish Place



Lyons—Rimell: Mary, daughter of Sir William & Lady Lyons, of Wappenbury, Leamington, was married to Guy, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. F. Rimell, of Severn Stoke, Worcestershire, at Wappenbury



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Lieutenant M. F. Osborne, R.A.P.C. and Miss F. A. Scott Pitcher

The engagement is announced between Myles Francis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Great Bardfield, N. Essex, and Felicity Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Pitcher, The Old Hospital, Rye, Sussex.

Mr. T. R. E. Driscoll and Miss N. L. Padfield

The engagement is announced between Terence Robert Edward, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Driscoll, of 20 Sunbury Court Island, Sunbury-on-Thames, late of Hove, and Naomi Lois, only daughter of Capt. H. G. T. Padfield, Royal Navy, and Mrs. Padfield, of Orchard Cottage, Sheerwater Avenue, West Byfleet.

Mr. P. J. Shires and Miss M. E. H. Paul

The engagement is announced between Peter, son of Sir Frank and Lady Shires, Redholt, Links-way, Northwood, Middlesex, and Heather, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Paul, Dromore, 49 Audley Road, Ealing, W.5.

Mr. J. M. Fenn-Wiggin and Miss J. Walton

The engagement is announced of John Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Fenn-Wiggin, of Roseville, Wem, Salop, to Judith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Walton, of Cartref, Winchester Avenue, Duxbury, Chorley.

Mr. J. Rayne and Miss N. V. F. Honey

The engagement is announced between John, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Rayne of Tudor House, Commonwood, Kings Langley, Herts., and Norma (Vanda), twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Honey, of Tudor Lodge, Pusey, Faringdon, Berks.

Lt.-Cdr. J. R. B. Bouchier, R.N., and Miss E. J. Alexander

The engagement is announced between John Robert Brayton, son of Col. C. B. Bouchier, C.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Bouchier, of Highfield, S. Brent, and Elisabeth Jean, eldest daughter of Capt. R. L. Alexander, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Alexander, of Burnt House, Stubbington.

Dr. R. Barclay and Miss A. Catty

The engagement is announced between Roger, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Barclay, of 26 Blackford Avenue, Edinburgh, and Ann, daughter of F. R. Catty, O.B.E., and Mrs. Catty of Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

Mr. J. A. Gullick and Miss M. B. Mansbridge

The engagement is announced between John, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gullick, of Twickenham, Middlesex, and Mary, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mansbridge, Harrage House, Frampton Way, Totton, Southampton.

Mr. A. Gunn Auld and Miss J. I. J. C. Timmins

The engagement is announced between Alistair, elder son of the Rev. and Mrs. Ian A. Auld, of Coledale, Duddingston, Edinburgh, and Juliet Isla Justine Carole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. P. Timmins, of Witch Wood, Farnham Common.

Mr. W. Rees-Mogg and Miss G. S. Morris

The engagement is announced between William, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rees-Mogg, of Long Close, Temple Cloud, near Bristol, and Gillian Shakespeare, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Morris, of 53 Queen Alexandra Mansions, W.C.1.

Mr. H. Lorimer and Miss S. D. Beauchamp

The engagement is announced between Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hew Lorimer, of Kellic Castle, Pittenweem, Fife, and Susan Doone, elder daughter of Dr. Guy and the Hon. Mrs. Beauchamp, of 119 Harley Street, London, W.1.

Mr. F. A. Wieder and Miss J. M. Dudman

The engagement is announced between Friedrich Adolf, son of the late Mr. William M. J. Wieder, and of Donna Ada Favaloro Tortorici Wieder, of Rome, and Josephine Mary, only daughter of Col. H. Curtis Dudman (Retd.), O.B.E., T.D., and Mrs. Dudman, of Troutwells, Penn, Bucks.



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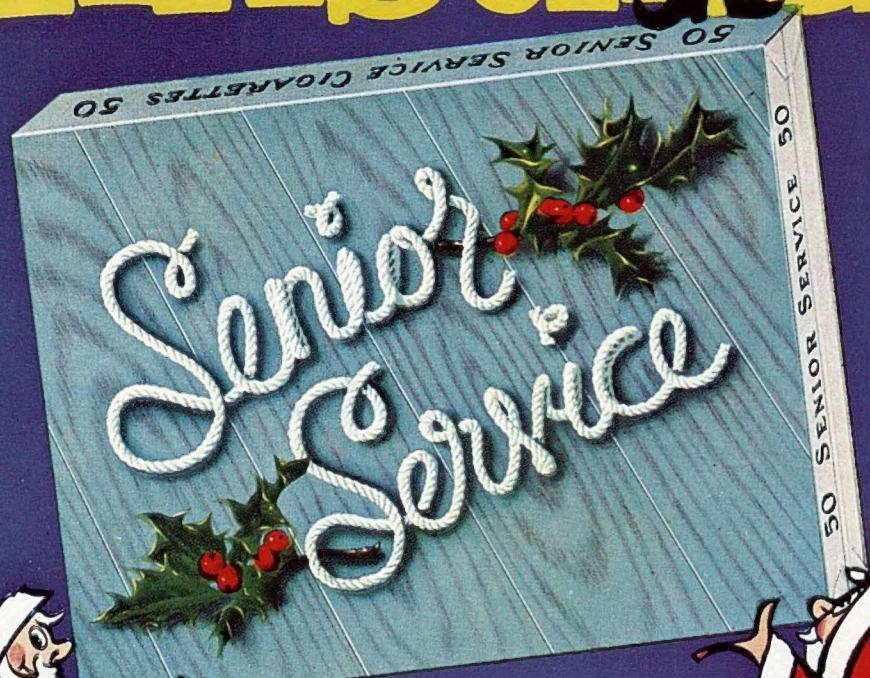
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